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# *The Shape of Things*

THE SHELLS AND TORPEDOES THAT BURST on Aruba should jolt into wakefulness the dimwits who still look upon the Atlantic as a better Maginot Line. This daring foray into the Caribbean brought the enemy within 700 miles of the Panama Canal and struck a damaging blow at the supply lines of the United Nations. From the great refineries at Aruba, Venezuelan oil flows across the Atlantic to keep the R. A. F. flying above the British fortress. Fortunately, the shore installations appear not to have suffered important damage, but the sinking of half a dozen or more tankers in the harbor represents a serious loss. We should like to know whether any precautions had been taken against a night attack on such a vital point. British and American troops are garrisoned on the island, and bombers took off which may have sunk one or more of the raiders. But prevention is vastly more important than reprisal, and that necessitates night patrols and the defense of the harbor with mines and nets.

*

THE FALL OF SINGAPORE IS A DISASTER comparable only to the capitulation of France in 1940. As we go to press, many of the details are still unavailable. It seems probable, however, that the British lost not only the city and its great naval base but almost its entire defending force of some 60,000 men. So far as is known, only the wounded and part of the R. A. F. personnel were evacuated before the fall of the city. It is not even certain whether the naval base was destroyed before its seizure by the Japanese. There is a tendency in this country to place blame for the defeat on British complacency and on the obvious defects in the Empire's colonial policy. This view has been strengthened by Cecil Brown's remarkable broadcast from Sydney pointing out the undeniable laxity of the British in preparing for the defense of Singapore and their failure to adopt an effective scorched-earth policy. It is desirable that Americans recognize the shortcomings of British—or of Chinese or Russian—war policy, but it must not be forgotten that the United States shares full responsibility with Britain for the Singapore defeat. The base was as essential to the United States as to the Empire, and only the United


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States had the men and supplies needed to save it. We had two months in which to get these to the battle front; yet not a single American soldier aided in Singapore's defense. Our failure was apparently due primarily to lack of advance planning. But it may also have been due in part to the same regrettable nationalism which now holds Britain responsible for a failure that was equally our own.

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HYSTERIA OVER THE WEST COAST JAPANESE appears to be unabated despite the stringent steps now being taken to prevent sabotage or effective espionage activities. Even so sober an analyst as Walter Lippmann has contributed to the public's uneasiness by charging that there has been communication between the Japanese navy at sea and enemy agents on land—a charge which has been challenged by the coordinator of enemy-alien control for the Western Defense Command. The excitement would be understandable if there were any indications of laxity on the part of the FBI or the local defense authorities. Actually, these agencies seem to have dealt with the situation with commendable energy and realism. Enemy aliens have already been moved out of the first of the "prohibited" zones, and evacuation from other zones is under way. American-born Japanese are to be "invited" to move to non-strategic areas in the interior, where work projects will be provided for them. The FBI has been conducting raids on Japanese aliens who were believed to have failed to conform with the regulations regarding short-wave radio sets, flashlights, and reflectors. Admittedly the dangers are real. Espionage activities doubtless still continue in our large German colonies and among American-born Japanese. But the government is right in taking the position that the methods used to eliminate these activities shall not be of such a nature as to alienate the overwhelming majority in these groups who have remained loyal to the United States.

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THE COURT WHICH IS INVESTIGATING THE Normandie's loss will presumably, on the basis of existing information, find that the fire which destroyed the huge ship was accidental in origin. Although a *PM* reporter rather conclusively demonstrated that the ship *could* have been destroyed by sabotage, the evidence so far divulged strongly indicates that the fire was due to carelessness rather than to purposeful destruction. So far as the ship is concerned, it makes very little difference. The destruction was as thoroughgoing as any incendiarist would have desired. Nor does the origin of the fire in any way affect the responsibility of the navy. It is evident from the press reports of the disaster that the precautions against sabotage or accident were grossly inadequate. No one has even sought to explain why electric welding was permitted in the vicinity of bales of mattresses. But it is obvious that it is the sort of thing which no responsible private shipping firm would permit under any circumstances. There is a rather natural tendency, to be found equally in high and low places, to regard government property and enterprise in impersonal terms. This tendency is at the root of much of the inefficiency and waste which have thus far characterized the war effort. It can be effectively counteracted among the rank and file of workmen and enlisted personnel only if the brass hats and high government officials demonstrate that they fully understand and accept their responsibilities.

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THE TRIAL OF LAURA INGALLS THREW A revealing light on the operations of Nazi propagandists in this country and the agencies through which they worked. Miss Ingalls admitted the offense of which she was convicted—acting as a paid agent of the Reich without registering at the State Department—but insisted that she was guided by purely patriotic motives. According to her counsel, her intention was to conduct counter-espionage, and her acceptance of German money and expressions of warm enthusiasm for Hitler were merely a misguided attempt to ingratiate herself. Her own testimony was confused: one minute confirming her counsel's story, the next making it clear that the "subversive influence" she was really excited about was that of supporters of aid to Britain. Whether one rejects Miss Ingalls's plea, as the jury did, or accepts it together with the explanation that she is a "crackpot," it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the trial was a severe indictment of the America First Committee. No one suggests that Baron von Gienanth, second secretary to the German embassy and Gestapo chief in America, was another crackpot, and the record shows that he told Miss Ingalls, *"The best thing you can do for our cause is to continue to promote America First."* In other words, the "patriotic" organization which was the chosen platform of Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye, *et al.,* was also the vehicle preferred by our enemies for promoting division in our ranks. Senator Wheeler, instead of trying to cash in politically on our setbacks in the Far East by saying, "I was right all along," might have the grace to blush and explain, if he can, why America First accepted the services of a paid Nazi propagandist given to spouting Nazi sentiments at its meetings.

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THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS STILL IMPALED on those pin-points of Free French soil—the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon—and the sight of its wrigglings is far from edifying. Some weeks back Mr. Hull expressed the informal but firm opinion that the Act of Havana applied to the transfer of these islands from the control of Vichy to that of the Free French, particularly Section 6, which declares that "acquisition of territories by force cannot be permitted." On Friday, February 3,

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Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles told his press conference that in his judgment the act did not apply. Correspondents not unnaturally drew the inference that Mr. Hull and his second-in-command had disagreed and that the President had backed Welles. Next day, however, th ate Department had a rather different story. Mr. We nceled his press conference, but a "spokesman" who seems to have consulted him stated that none of the American republics had invoked the Act of Havana in regard to the St. Pierre situation but that they reserved the right to do so if it impaired their security or the independence of this hemisphere. As not even a State Department official could be humorless enough to claim that a handful of French fishermen who had voted to join the Free French and follow the laws of the French republic were a menace to any nation on this continent, these conflicting statements may indicate simply a squirming effort to "find a formula." The difficulty is to reconcile the objectives of mollifying Vichy and saving the State Department's face with the fact that the island people have chosen their path and will only yield to force.

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CANADA HAD A POLITICAL SENSATION OF the first order when Arthur Meighen, newly selected leader of the Conservative Party, was defeated by a comparatively unknown Cooperative Commonwealth Federation candidate in a Parliamentary by-election. Mr. Meighen, twice Prime Minister of Canada, had been called from retirement to take over the helm of the once powerful Conservatives. South York, the Toronto district in which he chose to stand, has been so overwhelmingly Conservative for the last forty years that the Liberals did not even run a candidate against him. But the C. C. F., previously unable to gain a foothold in Ontario, felt that Meighen's reactionary policies should be opposed even though there seemed little hope of victory. Meighen received enthusiastic support from Mitchell Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, who was read out of the Liberal Party for his constant sniping at the Dominion government's war efforts. Hepburn, foe of the C. I. O. and a Canadian counterpart of Martin Dies, recently achieved considerable notoriety by declaring that the United States fleet was in hiding from the Japanese, and his support probably did Meighen more harm than good. Another candidate whom he backed was defeated in the Welland by-election by Humphrey Mitchell, Labor Minister in Mackenzie King's Cabinet. Although the conscription issue was uppermost in the campaigns, it seems to have had little effect on the results. Mr. Meighen urged immediate conscription of man-power, but his opponent countered by advocating conscription of wealth and industry as well. The victory of government candidates in Quebec constituencies suggests that opposition to conscription is not as strong there as was feared.

THE CHART REPRODUCED ON PAGE 212 IS AN antidote to defeatism but not an encouragement to complacency. It shows that the economic resources of the United Nations are enormously greater than those of the Axis powers, but before we can command victory those resources must be turned into weapons. Our enemies achieved that conversion long ago, and they have proved themselves adepts in obtaining maximum military results from minimum means. We, on the other hand, as Donald M. Nelson said last week, have "lost a lot of time because industry was fearful of what might happen after the war if all our productive facilities were overexpanded." There is, happily, some reason to believe that the task of turning the automobile industry into a great arsenal is at last getting rapidly under way. The financial controllers of the industry are resigned to the fact that ordinary commercial business is finished for the duration and know that, if dividends are to be paid, they must be earned from war production. So the technicians have been given their heads, and we have much confidence that they will speedily accomplish the job which their bosses swore, twelve months ago, could not be done.

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MAYOR LAGUARDIA HAS GIVEN UP MOST of his duties in Civilian Defense to become a full-time mayor of New York again, but there is no evidence that less work has made him less irascible. In his dispute with the New York Civil Service Commission, LaGuardia has been contemptuous not only of good political manners but of elementary democratic rights. In a dispute between the state and city civil service commissions, Paul Kern, city commissioner, asked Corporation Counsel William Chanler to represent the city group in court. Chanler refused. Kern and another member of the three-man board issued a statement criticizing Chanler. Forty-eight hours later, without any hearings, Mayor LaGuardia suspended the city commission; Kern and his colleagues were denied access to their files and desks. When reporters asked his reasons for the suspension, the Mayor said only that he could not tolerate an attack on Chanler. The suspension has been followed by a final dismissal of Kern and Wallace Sayre, signers of the statement about Chanler. Regardless of the issues between the two commissions, or between Kern and Chanler, LaGuardia has abused executive power and has short-circuited the legal processes which guarantee a measure of justice.

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JONATHAN DANIELS BRINGS SPECIAL AND valuable gifts to his new job of helping to organize the volunteer services of civilian defense. Not the least of his qualifications is his concrete knowledge and sympathetic understanding of American communities and the people who live in them—which have kept his weekly

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page both vivid and fresh. During the twenty months of his association with *The Nation,* he has been truly a Native at Large, reporting the hopes and fears, the angers and the issues with which the average American community is preoccupied. As he points out, "It has not been a perfect America. . . . It has plenty of faults now not to be neglected in the midst of war"—and he has been quick to advertise its faults. "But America as it is now is still worth all we've got to give." We are gratified that another genuine democrat has been enlisted in defense; but we shall miss his weekly letter from America.

# *Wages, Prices, Profits*

THE War Labor Board will shortly render decisions in two wage disputes of such far-reaching importance that its findings will, in effect, constitute the general wage policy for which some of its critics have been clamoring. It has been called upon to adjudicate demands made on "Little Steel" by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and on General Motors by the Automobile Workers' Union, in both cases for wage increases of a dollar a day. The verdict in these cases will undoubtedly set wage standards throughout the steel and automobile industries, and since automobile manufacture is now closely linked with that of airplanes, the airplane industry, too, will be indirectly affected. In other words, the War Labor Board is being asked to declare whether or not a general increase in wages for the bulk of the workers engaged in armament production is desirable at this time.

*The Nation* believes that a widespread upward revision of wages would undermine our war economy and be contrary to the interests of the working class as a whole. Leon Henderson has pointed out that this year consumer incomes are likely to total around $95 billion, while the supply of consumer goods will not exceed $65 billion. Unless this $30 billion of surplus purchasing power which cannot possibly be satisfied is mopped up by taxation and savings, competitive bidding for scarce goods will endanger the whole price-stabilization effort. Should any strategically placed group, whether labor or capitalist, be permitted to add appreciably to its buying power, the inevitable result will be to widen what has been called the inflationary gap. Favored groups might be able to keep their incomes in step with the rise in prices, but all the many millions unable to secure such adjustments would find their purchasing power curtailed.

Since August, 1939, wages in the better-organized industries have more than kept pace with the cost of living. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that from the outbreak of war in Europe to November, 1941, average weekly earnings for workers in all manufacturing industries increased by 33.9 per cent, while the cost-of-living index rose from an average of 99 in 1939 to 111 in December, 1941. At the end of November average weekly earnings in the all-manufacturing group were $32.81, and it will not be disputed, we believe, that the average for the steel industry is somewhat above this figure and that for the automobile industry it is considerably higher. We do not suggest that such wage levels represent luxurious standards or even—in peace time—satisfactory ones, but they do provide for the maintenance of health and efficiency, and that is about all we can expect so long as the bulk of our resources must be devoted to smashing the Axis.

A policy of stabilizing wages, except for the removal of anomalies and differentials, is absolutely dependent, of course, on the prevention of further increases in the cost of living. The efforts of the Administration toward this end are threatened by more than one special interest. On page 219 Keith Hutchison discusses the demand of the railroads for increased freight rates which, if granted, must give a forward thrust to costs of all producers. Again, the Congressional farm bloc, not content with its mutilations of the Price Control Act, is now trying to hamstring the stabilization policy by denying power to the government to dispose of its crop surpluses at prices under 110 per cent of parity. We suspect that many Congressmen forget that they represent consumers as well as producers, and we would suggest that the housewives among their constituents write to them more frequently.

Instead of positively encouraging inflation Congress ought to be combating it, and the most urgent task in this direction is the passage of a new tax bill. If swollen purchasing power is to be prevented from running amuck in a denuded market-place, there must be a further increase in income taxes, particularly in the upper and middle brackets, and much stiffer excess-profits taxes. Union spokesmen arguing in favor of pay rises naturally point to large profits and insist that the corporations can pay more. Unfortunately this is not just a matter of subtracting from capital and adding to labor, particularly as a growing volume of government contracts carry "escalator" clauses protecting the contractor from rising costs. It is true, however, that until more stringent measures are taken to curb profits, the moral case for placing a ceiling on wages will remain weak.

Last year industry as a whole was able to absorb increased costs and taxes and come out ahead of 1940. United States Steel, despite a fourfold expansion in its federal tax bill, was able to tuck away a nest egg of $25 million and still show a net profit of $116 million against $102 million in 1940. The heavy industries and the railroads, which experienced lean times in the thirties, appear to think they have a right to make up on the swings of war what they lost on the roundabouts of depression. On the other hand, those industries which were prospering in the years immediately before the war claim

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that they should be now allowed to remain at least as prosperous. These notions must be dispelled. We have got to realize—workers, managers, professional people, officials, and stockholders alike—that in order to devote to war production enough of our resources to achieve victory, all of us but the very poorest must accept for the duration a lower standard of living. If we want to know the alternative, we need only ask the peoples of the conquered countries.

# *Demagogy as Usual*

IT IS nearly four years since a hitherto obscure Texas Representative found in "subversive activities" the highroad to fame. In that time the country has seen more than a dozen nations softened by genuinely subversive activities until they were ripe for military conquest by Nazi Germany. It has seen within its own borders the ominous rise of these same forces of appeasement, violence, and treason. In Hawaii spies and subversive agents grew thicker than pineapples. The poison of Father Coughlin spilled over into the streets of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The dormant Ku Klux Klan, sensing a favorable climate, stirred itself and invested in new robes. Princes of decay like Winrod, General Moseley, Gerald Smith, Pelley, and McWilliams crept out of their holes, and thought of themselves as Gauleiters of a Nazi-dominated America. The Bund goose-stepped in Jersey and Long Island, Japanese "fishermen" and consuls gave the Pacific Coast a thorough going-over, and errand-boys for Mussolini taught fascist doctrine in private schools in New York. The Communists, as always, carried on in their peculiarly blatant fashion, applying to America whatever might be the current policies of the Soviet Foreign Office. And then came the America First Committee, to give respectable shelter to the criminal along with the misguided, to the spy and the agent along with the dupe and the politically illiterate; the committee that in two months of war has already given the country's criminal courts an Ingalls, a Townsend, a von Clemm, and a George Hill.

And where were Martin Dies and his committee while all this subversion was coming to a boil? Certainly he wasn't sounding the alarm about Japanese espionage in Hawaii. He is just preparing to issue a "Yellow Paper" on that subject now—more than two months after Pearl Harbor. Did he summon Coughlin to Washington and force him to disgorge details of the best-organized effort to stir up racial hate since the Civil War? On the contrary, Dies himself shared the platform with such staunch followers of Coughlin as Merwin K. Hart and George U. Harvey. He addressed the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, headed by James True, fanatic anti-Semite and pro-Nazi. Christian Fronters received free tickets to a rally addressed by Mr. Dies in November, 1939, and *Social Justice* was sold throughout the meeting. Fritz Kuhn and James Wheeler-Hill, Bund leaders and now convicts (no thanks to the committee), attended a luncheon in honor of Mr. Dies given by Hart, one of the few witnesses permitted by the committee to testify in secret session. The activities of Pelley and Moseley were given a cursory airing and quickly forgotten, while Winrod, Smith, and other workers in the fascist vineyard were not even asked to appear. A promised exposure of a plot by Italian Fascists "more important than the Nazi" never developed, and anti-fascists who asked to testify on the subject were refused on the ground that the inquiry might "irritate the Italian government."

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that because the Dies committee allowed subversive activity to flourish without let or hindrance it was inactive or that it failed to get rid of the $385,000 Congress had given it to smoke out "un-Americanism." In its four years of existence the committee has given the nation the considered opinion that Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President Wallace, Supreme Court Justices Jackson and Murphy, Secretary of the Interior Ickes, James Cagney, and possibly Shirley Temple are all fellow-travelers of the Communist Party, though Cagney and Temple were subsequently cleared. Frequent allegations were made that the New Deal was honeycombed with Communists, though in no case was any proof adduced. In 1940 the committee got out a "White Paper" on Nazi activities of a minor sort, inspiring the New York *Times* to comment: "There is nothing surprising in the evidence . . . the 'White Paper' seems to tell chiefly of little schemes and little men." And in the same year it got out a "Red Paper" about Communist activities between 1920 and 1935—all rehashed from previously published material.

More recently the committee has busied itself with trying to keep the Office of Facts and Figures from falling under the spell of a left-liberal editor; with saving the navy from the threatened presence of a young man whose dislike of Communists is as great as the committee's and whose dislike of the enemy is a lot greater; and with exposing the presence of an ex-Technocrat on the staff of the OPM. In the meantime George Deatherage, Knight of the White Camellia, who only a few years ago tried to create a fascist army under the leadership of General Moseley, has emerged as chief engineer of a $7,000,000 naval construction project at Norfolk, without so much as a growl from the hired watchdog of Americanism.

Why should a Congress which in four years has not seen fit to pass a single bill introduced by the Dies committee (there have been at least nine) now appropriate another $100,000 to keep it in existence? These are dark hours to be spending the Republic's money on demagogy-as-usual.

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# *New Leaders for Old*

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TO UNDERSTAND what has been happening in these last disastrous days, a person must turn away from maps and figures and look at men. The defeats suffered by the Allied nations have been political defeats before everything else. That they can also be measured in terms of territory and materials and strategic points lost is a fact that must not be allowed to divert attention from the failure in political leadership that lies behind them. The United Nations are today losing the war, not only in Singapore or Burma or the English Channel, but in Washington and London. And it is in Washington and London that they will have to win it if it is to be won, since those capitals handle the controls. One is tempted to wonder why they do, why the direction of the war is not centered in Moscow and Chungking, which alone seem to know the secret of successful resistance. But the explanation of this apparent anomaly is immediately obvious. Britain and the United States still hold that preponderance of political and economic power which determines ultimate control. It is the failure of the political as well as the military strategy of those two proud governments which both calls into question the capacity of their present leaders and raises doubts as to their basic fitness for their leading role in the high command of the United Nations. The challenge is clear. The two chief Western powers must justify their position by developing swiftly, in the face of overwhelming danger, the sort of direction that will win the war. If they fail to do so, the war will be lost. Neither the vast potential output of American industry nor the incredible bravery of Britain's soldiers in the field can compensate for timid, fumbling leadership.

Today the British Prime Minister faces the anger of the Empire. The millions who heard his speech on Sunday must have been shaken with a sense of loss that defeats alone could not bring. Here indeed was a sample of that "stupefying magic" against which Robert Willis, secretary of the London Trades Council, had protested only the previous day. For the first time Mr. Churchill seemed to be using his eloquence and his great qualities of personal leadership to defend a record of incompetence. By implication he accused his critics of lack of patriotism and an inability to face up to harsh reality. This was as unworthy as it was unfair .The British people can face facts and accept reverses better, perhaps, than any people on earth; but they must have confidence in their leaders. On Sunday Winston Churchill offered them no reason for confidence. He merely demanded it. He cited the unity of the Russians as a model for Englishmen to follow. But if this was more than mere oratory, it was a thoroughly disingenuous suggestion. The unity of the Russians is founded in their faith in the tough, realistic, fighting qualities of their leaders. It is not for Mr. Churchill to hold up Russian unity as an example for the British people, but rather for the British people to point to Russian leadership as an example for Mr. Churchill and his government. The Russian army in retreat burned not only its bridges but houses, factories, dams, and standing crops; the British signed the terms of their surrender in Singapore in an undamaged Ford assembly plant and, so far as is known, turned over the vast facilities of their Far Eastern base intact save for the inevitable destruction from the war itself.

The British people are not demanding victories of their leaders; they are demanding leadership. They will not, I know, be satisfied with explanations and exhortations in place of action. I hope Mr. Churchill's oratorical magic will not silence them even for the moment. Now if ever is the time to insist on a change, for delay may mean final defeat. Japan's troops in Burma will not wait until the slow processes of muddle and compromise that characterize British party politics finally retire the old appeasers and fumblers responsible for Britain's political defeat.

One is more and more forced to the conclusion that only men who understand the nature of this war can fight it effectively. Churchill, in spite of his superb political talents, does not understand it. He is still an old-fashioned British imperialist, completely free from the commercial fears that corrupted the ministries of his predecessors, but also unversed in the complex political and social struggle that forms the center of the Nazi drive for world dominion. If he had understood its nature, he would not have lent himself to the succession of political compromises which, since before the war began, partly vitiated his wise counsels of military and diplomatic preparation. If he had understood it, he would never have supported Chamberlain's betrayal of Republican Spain. He would, after the war began, have accepted Franco as the open Axis ally that he is and treated Fascist Spain as enemy territory. (Today London dispatches discuss the probability of an early attack on Gibraltar and note that Franco newspapermen are scuttling out of England.) He would have insisted on a consistently vigorous policy toward Vichy on the part of his own government and urged the same attitude in Washington.

He would have understood, above all, that in this international civil struggle a democratic front had to be

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created as a war measure and held against the political front of fascists and reactionaries. Understanding this, he would have known better how to distinguish friends from foes, at home as well as abroad, and would have realized the demoralizing effect of permitting key posts to be occupied by men whom every democrat distrusts.

And by the same token he would have realized the military value of creating throughout the world a belief that the war against Hitler is, in fact as well as in oratory, a war for freedom. The débâcle of British power in the Far East illustrates the failure of his government to grasp this most elementary political truth. For four years, against odds which Americans and Englishmen can now finally imagine, the Chinese people have successfully grappled with a Japanese army of invasion. The same strategy and the same mechanized weapons that have brought the United States and Britain to the verge of defeat were loosed on China. But China has not been defeated. Instead, it has strengthened its resistance and developed its internal political institutions; and today, if India is to be saved at all, it may be saved only through Chinese intervention. China has held out because it is a self-governing country defending its soil and its freedom.

Suppose India had been free; suppose it had been a self-governing dominion instead of a sullen, unhappy colony. Would Burma today have to depend for its defense on a handful of Australians, a small professional Indian army, and a Chinese expeditionary force? How fantastic to think that Australia, with a total white population of some seven millions, itself threatened with invasion, should be expected to defend the high road to China and the borders of India, while India itself remains aloof, its 350 millions virtually untapped, its leaders bound to an anxious neutrality! The visit of Chiang Kai-shek to India and his conferences with Nehru and other leaders may help to win the reluctant sympathies of the Indian people; but it is a commentary on British leadership that only the personal intervention of China's Generalissimo offers hope of broader cooperation on the part of India. When one recalls that Nehru was held in prison until three days before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, one is able to measure even more accurately the political sagacity displayed by the British government in dealing with a subject people to whom today it desperately turns for help. This war will not be won until Mr. Churchill and his ministers realize that freedom is a weapon, not a prize for good behavior.

Hope for the future lies not in a sudden awakening of the dead, but in the introduction into the British government of new men who, without loss of face or agony of mind, can institute new policies. One such man is Stafford Cripps. It should not be hard to construct a Cabinet, with Mr. Churchill at its head, that would put new heart into the British people and into democrats everywhere.

But the war is being lost in Washington, too. As we point out editorially on another page, the United States is jointly responsible with Britain for the loss of Singapore. This is one war, not several. And even if the Far East were to be looked upon as a separate battlefield, it is surely ours as much as Britain's or Holland's. Yet apart from MacArthur's magnificent stand on Bataan and the recent naval raid on a group of Japanese islands, American power has yet to make itself felt.

What is wrong with our effort? Is our failure not essentially the same as Britain's—a failure bred of conservatism and complacency coupled with stubborn unawareness of Hitler's purposes?

It is useless to repeat again the sorry record of concessions which year after year took the place of resistance, until at last war came on the aggressors' own terms. The record is written in history. Some of it our President has admitted, regretfully. He has several times categorically announced the end of appeasement. But he has not dismissed the men responsible for the failures he cited or forced a change in the policies that failed.

Where is the spirit of fighting, courageous democracy? Has it left Washington for the jungles of the Philippines? Or is it still here, struggling to make itself effective through confusion and politics and intrenched smugness? I know it is here; but it is no exaggeration to say that the key posts, with a few exceptions, are in the hands of men who fear democracy almost as much as they dislike Hitlerism.

The President, in spite of his uneven course in the fight against fascism, has indispensable qualities of leadership and vision. Backed by men who know what the war is about, he can still turn defeat into triumph and confusion into concentrated force. But nothing effective will be done until the appeasers in the State Department—and in other departments and agencies as well—are bundled out of office and replaced by tough democrats with a fierce contempt for tradition and private or party interests.

The tragic fact at this moment is that most of the criticism leveled at the Administration comes from those least qualified and with least right to speak. One can listen with respect to the criticisms and proposals of Wendell Willkie. But the Wheelers and Vandenbergs, who opposed even the inadequate steps taken before Pearl Harbor, who did their best to hamstring defense and promote appeasement—let these men be silent today. Every word they speak is suspect. If the country must choose between the counsels of the isolationists and the efforts, however faltering, of the Administration, it will know where its best hopes lie.

But in Washington, as in London, a reveille must be sounded by those who know what odds we face and what will be the penalties of further retreat. The political forces of democracy must rally, in both capitals, and take over the controls. Before it is too late.

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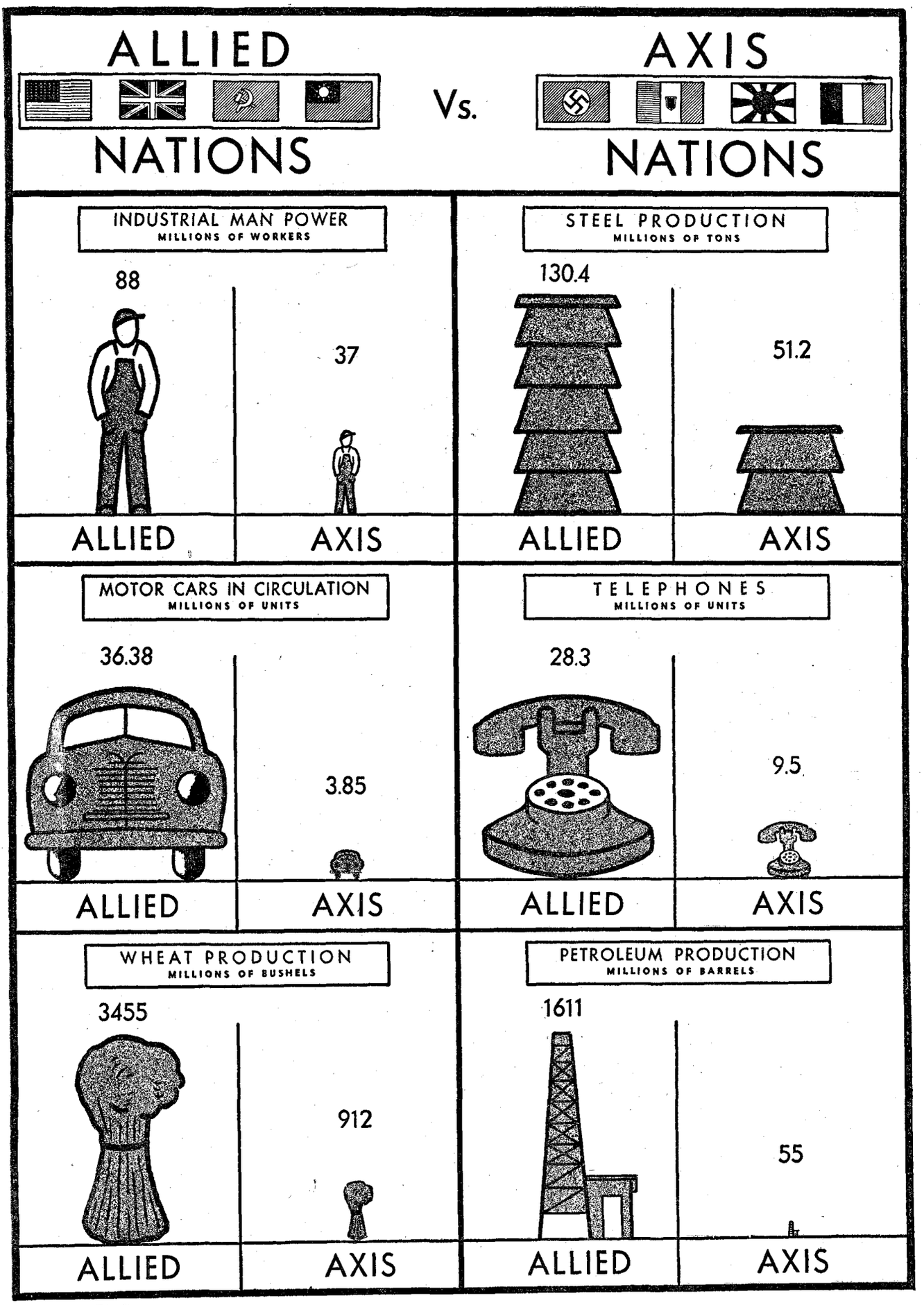


Graph by Pic-S

*Raw Materials for Victory*

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# Four Freedoms (Jim Crow)

BY ALVIN E. WHITE

*Washington, February 14*

WHILE the nation fights an all-out war for the Four Freedoms, little men in Congress and elsewhere are working with insidious persistence to see that these freedoms shall be for whites only. Not only do these men attack the whole concept of nondiscrimination in government, but through control of Congressional appropriations they have succeeded in ousting liberal administrative officials who have sought to translate into reality the democratic policies of the Roosevelt Administration.

To accomplish their ends, this clique of Southern Democrats and reactionary Northern Republicans has developed a definite technique. The chosen victim may have incurred the disfavor of certain Congressmen for any one of a number of reasons. If he is an agency head whose work has in any way improved the status of Negro Americans or threatened the institution of Jim-Crowism, the attack is held in abeyance until the agency stands in need of an appropriation. Then the administrator is assailed in committee meetings and Congressional cloakrooms as a "nigger lover." The real issue need never be mentioned. The agency is given an ultimatum: the victim must go or funds will be withheld.

This technique was used effectively against Clark Foreman, who recently "resigned" his post as Director of the Division of Defense Housing, Federal Works Agency. Foreman, a Georgian, had incurred the wrath of the powerful Southern bloc by his active participation in the attempted "purge" of 1938 and also by his alleged refusal to "cooperate" in the award of defense-housing contracts and the appointment of personnel. A review of his record revealed that Mr. Foreman had long been interested in improving the status of the Negro through the work of the Southern Interracial Commission. He had also worked with the Julius Rosenwald Fund in the South. Because of his experience and interest in this work, he had received an appointment in the Department of the Interior as adviser on the economic status of Negroes early in the New Deal. And while in government service he had committed the unpardonable sin, at one time, of employing a Negro as secretary. All that was needed was a propitious moment for attack.

The occasion was provided when the Lanham bill appropriating an additional $300,000,000 for defense housing came up for final approval by the joint House-Senate conference committee. The Federal Works Agency, through Mr. Foreman's division, had developed a 200-unit housing project for Negro defense workers in Detroit. As the project neared completion, white workers protested against Negro occupancy and demanded the housing for themselves. The protesting whites enlisted the support of Congressman Rudolph Tenerowicz, in whose district the project is located. More responsive to the demands of his white constituents than to the claims of those for whom the project was originally intended, the Congressman carried the protest to Baird Snyder, III, acting FWA administrator, and gained the support of certain Negro-hating members of the conference committee. Mr. Foreman remained adamant and approved a proposal that the project should be named Sojourner Truth Homes, in honor of the slave-born Abolitionist. By wire he instructed the Detroit Housing Committee to proceed with the leasing of dwelling units to Negroes.

The moment was now at hand. Federal Works Agency officials were informed by influential Southern members of the joint conference committee that the $300,000,000 appropriation bill would not be released unless the "nigger lover" was fired and the project converted to white occupancy. Mr. Snyder promptly wired the Detroit Housing Commission to disregard the instructions received from Mr. Foreman three hours earlier. Mr. Foreman "resigned." At the present moment, the homes are completely unoccupied.

A routine speech by Robert C. Weaver, special assistant to Nathan Straus, Administrator of the United States Housing Authority, was used as a smoke screen behind which race-baiting Congressmen succeeded in denying to that agency use of an $800,000,000 development fund. Mr. Weaver's speech, delivered in April, 1940, innocuously pointed out that the government's public-housing program had "made an initial demonstration . . . that the Negro is a responsible tenant in a decent home; and that the two races can live harmoniously together in the same project." At a time when this country was trying to convert the Latin Americans, the majority of whom are not white, into good neighbors, various Representatives were alarmed at the prospect of Negro and white families living as good neighbors in slum clearance projects—even in New York City and Chicago. As a consequence the bill was not allowed to pass, and the USHA has not since received any funds for slum clearance. This year the crusade was carried farther. The House refused to approve funds for the development of defense housing by the USHA until assured of the resignation of Mr. Straus. Now Straus is out, and Weaver has been transferred to another agency.

The same Southerners, often operating behind a

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"front" of Northerners with few Negro constituents, are determined to maintain Jim-Crowism in government and to restrict participation of Negroes in responsible positions. The attack on Martin Carpenter, Director of the United States Employment Service, is a case in point. In keeping with the spirit of President Roosevelt's order banning discrimination, Carpenter attempted to consolidate the two Employment Service offices in Washington, and to abolish the Jim Crowe office which had failed to offer equal opportunities to Negro jobseekers. His proposal brought immediate protests from Southern Congressmen. Carpenter was supported by his administrative superior, Ewan Clague, Director of the Bureau of Employment Security. Before the consolidation could be effected, however, the annual Social Security Board appropriation came before Congress, and it is alleged that Chairman Arthur J. Altmeyer was brusquely informed that the allocation would be held up indefinitely unless the project were abandoned. The appropriation was finally approved, but the separate employment offices have had to be maintained.

The following excerpt from the hearings before the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill for 1943 is enlightening:

> REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD B. WIGGLESWORTH (R., Mass.): Now, have you a racial-relations setup?
>
> JOHN EDY (Executive Assistant and Budget Officer, FWA): We have a man on racial relations identified with the Personnel Division. . . .
>
> REPRESENTATIVE JOE STARNES (D., Alabama): Why was that necessary?
>
> MR. EDY: It seemed to the Administrator to be desirable in view of the fact there were claims of race discrimination, especially against Negroes, and this racial-relations person is a Negro and very competent. . . .
>
> MR. WIGGLESWORTH: I confess I do not see why we need racial-relations setups in all of these agencies. We have never had them before; we have always handled it on the American plan.
>
> MR. STARNES: I think . . . they are put in there to promote . . . the idea that racial discrimination is being practiced. . . . I think it is spotlighting something, and these people are special pleaders. . . .

Recently seventy-three leaders of Negro organizations met in New York City to discuss morale and felt obliged to recognize the fact that as a result of such attacks and discrimination Negroes are not "all-out 100 per cent" for the war. As Pearl Buck recently said, "The colored American, thanks to an education in democracy, really wants to see his country a democracy. . . . He has grown up a good deal since the World War. He is willing to fight and die again, but not for something he does not possess anyway."

# *Jews After the War*

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

THE position of the Jews in Europe and the Western world is by no means the least of the many problems of post-war reconstruction which must engage our minds even while our energies are being exhausted in achieving the prerequisite of any reconstruction, that is, the defeat of the Axis. It is idle to assume that this defeat will solve the problem of the Jews; indeed, the overthrow of Nazism will provide no more than the negative condition for the solution of any of the vexing problems of justice which disturb our consciences.

Millions of Jews have been completely disinherited, and they will not be able to obtain the automatic restoration of their rights. An impoverished Europe will not find it easy to reabsorb a large number of returned Jews, and a spiritually corrupted Europe will not purge itself quickly of the virus of race bigotry with which the Nazis have infected its culture. It must also be remembered that the plight of the Jews was intolerable in those parts of Europe which represented a decadent feudalism—Poland and the Balkans—long before Hitler made their lot impossible in what was once the democratic world.

The problem of what is to become of the Jews in the post-war world ought to engage all of us, not only because a suffering people has a claim upon our compassion but because the very quality of our civilization is involved in the solution. It is, in fact, a scandal that the Jews have had so little effective aid from the rest of us in a situation in which they are only the chief victims. The Nazis intend to decimate the Poles and to reduce other peoples to the status of helots; but they are bent upon the extermination of the Jews.

One probable reason for the liberal world's failure to be more instant in its aid to the Jews is that we cannot face the full dimensions of this problem without undermining the characteristic credos of the democratic world. Even the Jews are loath to bring the problem to our attention in all its tragic depth. We will not face it because we should be overwhelmed by a sense of guilt in contemplating those aspects of the problem which Hitler did not create but only aggravated. Some Jews have refused to face it in dread of having to recognize that the solutions provided by the liberal Jewish world have failed to reach the depths of the problem.

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The liberal world has sought to dissolve the prejudice between Jews and Gentiles by preaching tolerance and good-will. Friends of the Jews have joined the Jews in seeking to persuade their detractors that the charges against them are lies. But this does not meet the real issue. The real question is, why should these lies be manufactured and why should they be believed? Every cultural or racial group has its own characteristic vices and virtues. When a minority group is hated for its virtues as well as for its vices, and when its vices are hated not so much because they are vices as because they bear the stamp of uniqueness, we are obviously dealing with a collective psychology which is not easily altered by a little more enlightenment. The fact is that the relations of cultural and ethnic groups, intra-national or international, have complexities unknown in the relations between individuals, in whom intelligence may dissolve group loyalties and the concomitant evil of group friction.

American theories of tolerance in regard to race are based upon a false universalism which in practice develops into a new form of nationalism. The fact that America has actually been a melting-pot in which a new amalgam of races is being achieved has given rise to the illusion that racial and ethnic distinction can be transcended in history to an indeterminate degree. Russian nationalism has the same relation to Marxist universalism as American nationalism has to liberal universalism. There is a curious, partly unconscious, cultural imperialism in theories of tolerance which look forward to a complete destruction of all racial distinctions. The majority group expects to devour the minority group by way of assimilation. This is a painless death, but it is death nevertheless.

The collective will to survive of those ethnic groups in America which have a base in another homeland is engaged and expressed in their homeland and need not express itself here, where an amalgam of races is taking place. The Finns need not seek to perpetuate themselves in America, for their collective will to live is expressed in Finland. But the Jews are in a different position. Though as an ethnic group they have maintained some degree of integrity for thousands of years, they are a nationality scattered among the nations. Does the liberal-democratic world fully understand that it is implicitly making collective extinction the price of its provisional tolerance?

This question implies several affirmations which are challenged by both Jewish and Gentile liberals; it is therefore important to make these affirmations explicit and to elaborate them. One is that the Jews are really a nationality and not merely a cultural group. Certainly the Jews have maintained a core of racial integrity through the ages. This fact is not disproved by the assertion that their blood is considerably mixed. There are no pure races. History develops new configurations on the bases of nature, but not in such a way as to transcend completely the natural distinctions. Who would deny that the Germans have a collective will to live, or think that this simple statement can be refuted by calling attention to the admixture of Slav blood in people of German nationality?

The integrity of the Jews as a group is of course not purely biological; it has also a religious and cultural basis. But in this Jews are not unique, for there are no purely biological facts in history. The cultural and religious content of Jewish life transcends racial particularity, as does the culture of every people, though never so absolutely as to annihilate its own ethnic core. The one aspect of Jewish life which is unique is that the Jews are a nationality scattered among the nations. I use the word "nationality" to indicate something more than "race" and something less than "nation." It is more than race by reason of the admixture of culture and less than nation by reason of the absence of a state. The Jews certainly are a nationality by reason of the ethnic core of their culture. Those Jews who do not feel themselves engaged by a collective will to live have a perfect right to be so disengaged, just as Americans of French or Greek descent need feel no responsibility for the survival of their respective nationalities. But Jews render no service either to democracy or to their people by seeking to deny this ethnic foundation of their life, or by giving themselves to the illusion that they might dispel all prejudice if only they could prove that they are a purely cultural or religious community.

The fact that millions of Jews are quite prepared to be *spurlos versenkt,* to be annihilated, in a process of assimilation must affect the program of the democratic world for dealing with the Jewish question. The democratic world must accord them this privilege, including of course the right to express the ethos of their history in purely cultural and religious terms, in so far as this is possible, without an ethnic base. The democratic world must resist the insinuation that the Jews are not assimilable, particularly when the charge is made in terms of spurious friendship, as it is by Albert Jay Nock. They are not only assimilable but they have added to the riches of a democratic world by their ethnic and cultural contributions. Civilization must guard against the tendency of all communities to demand a too simple homogeneity, for if this is allowed complete expression it results in Nazi tribal primitivism. The preservation of tolerance and cultural pluralism is necessary not only from the standpoint of justice to the Jews but from the standpoint of the quality of a civilization.

The assimilability of the Jews and their right to be assimilated are not in question; this conviction must prompt one-half of the program of the democratic world, the half which consists in maintaining and extending the

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standards of tolerance and cultural pluralism achieved in a liberal era. But there is another aspect of the Jewish problem which is not met by this strategy. That is the simple right of the Jews to survive as a people. There are both Jews and Gentiles who deny that the Jews have such a survival impulse as an ethnic group, but the evidence of contemporary history refutes them, as does the evidence of all history in regard to the collective impulses of survival in life generally. Modern liberalism has been blind to this aspect of human existence because its individualist and universalist presuppositions and illusions have prevented it from seeing some rather obvious facts in man's collective life.

One proof of the Jews' will to survive is, of course, that they have survived the many vicissitudes of their history. They have survived in spite of the fact that they have been a nationality scattered among the nations, without a homeland of their own, since the dawn of Western European history. They are a people of the diaspora. Modern assimilationists on both sides sometimes suggest that the survival of the Jews through the centuries was determined on the one hand by the hostility of the feudal world and on the other by the toughness of an orthodox religious faith; and they suggest that the liberal era has dissipated both the external and the internal basis of this survival. They assume that the liberal ideals of tolerance are infinitely extensible and that the breaking of the hard shell of a traditional religious unity will destroy the internal will to live.

The violent nationalism of our period proves the error of the first assumption. While we need not believe that Nazism or even a milder form of national bigotry will set the social and political standards of the future, it is apparent that collective particularities and vitalities have a more stubborn life than liberal universalism had assumed. The error of the second has been proved by the Jews themselves. For Zionism is the expression of a national will to live which transcends the traditional orthodox religion of the Jews. It is supported by many forces in Jewish life, not the least of which is an impressive proletarian impulse. Poor Jews recognize that privileged members of their Jewish community may have achieved such a secure position in the Western world that they could hardly be expected to sacrifice it for a Zionist venture. But they also see that for the great multitude of Jews there is no escape from the hardships a nationality scattered among the nations must suffer. They could, if they would, be absorbed in the Western world. Or they could, if they desired, maintain their racial integrity among the various nations. But they know that the price which must be paid for such survival is high. They know from their own experience that collective prejudice is not as easily dissolved as some of their more favored brothers assume.

These poorer Jews understand, out of their experience, what is frequently withheld from the more privileged—namely, that the bigotry of majority groups toward minority groups which affront the majority by diverging from the dominant type is a perennial aspect of man's collective life. The force of it may be mitigated, but it cannot be wholly eliminated. These Jews, therefore, long for a place on the earth where they are not "tolerated," where they are neither "understood" nor misunderstood, neither appreciated nor condemned, but where they can be what they are, preserving their own unique identity without asking "by your leave" of anyone else.

It is this understanding of a basic human situation on the part of the less privileged portion of the Jewish community which has given Zionism a particular impetus. There are of course individuals in the more privileged groups who make common cause with the less privileged because they have the imagination to see what their more intellectualist brothers have not seen. But on the whole Zionism represents the wisdom of common experience as against the wisdom of the mind, which tends to take premature flights into the absolute or the universal from the tragic conflicts and the stubborn particularities of human history.

The second part of any program for the solution of the Jewish problem must rest upon the recognition that a collective survival impulse is as legitimate a "right" as an individual one. Justice, in history, is concerned with collective, as well as with individual, rights. Recognition of the legitimacy of this right must lead, in my opinion, to a more generous acceptance of the Zionist program as correct in principle, however much it may have to be qualified in application.

The Jewish religionists, the Jewish and Gentile secularists, and the Christian missionaries to the Jews have, despite the contradictory character of their various approaches, one thing in common. They would solve the problem of the particularity of a race by a cultural or religious universalism. This is a false answer if the universal character of their culture or religion demands the destruction of the historical—in this case racial—particularism. It is just as false as if the command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" were interpreted to mean that I must destroy myself so that no friction may arise between my neighbor and myself.

The author, who happens to be a Christian theologian, may be permitted the assertion, as a postscriptum, that he has his own ideas about the relation of the Christian to the Jewish religion. But he regards all religious and cultural answers to the Jewish problem which do not take basic ethnic facts into consideration as the expressions of either a premature universalism or a conscious or unconscious ethnic imperialism.

[*In a second article Dr. Niebuhr will discuss a two-fold solution for the problem of anti-Semitism.*]

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# *Guns for Europe's Guerrillas*

BY H. A. DEWEERD

WHILE most facile comparisons between the careers of Napoleon and Hitler are invalid and misleading, there are some that can be drawn with great profit at the present stage of the world crisis. Amid our rejoicing over Hitler's reverses in Russia, it would be well to remember that the disastrous campaign of 1812 was not alone responsible for Napoleon's downfall. A far greater if less spectacular contribution to that result was the fact that Europe turned the forces released by the French Revolution against him. The most important of these was nationalism. Generated in the Revolution and brought to full development under the empire, the spirit of nationalism made Napoleon's armies invincible on countless battlefields. At length it made the armies of his enemies equally formidable. Under its influence the Spanish rabble fought heroically; Prussians rose from the humiliation of Jena with new strength and spirit. In the end French bayonets were not sufficiently numerous or Napoleon's genius sufficiently versatile to overcome the aroused nationalism of Europe's conquered peoples. The time is now approaching when the revolutionary implications and techniques of Hitler's system must in like manner be turned against the Nazi conqueror.

A great measure of Hitler's astounding military success has been due to the fact that he is making use of a military-revolutionary movement. Allied efforts to combat the appeals of National Socialism early in the war by a half-hearted propaganda program—not based on an impressive military position—were as ineffective as the effort to deal with Hitler by orthodox military methods. Up to the beginning of the Russian counter-offensive of December, 1941, the Reich was not only "blockade-proof"; it was "propaganda-proof" as well. When the hitherto invincible *Wehrmacht* was defeated in front of Moscow, the Reich's immunity to psychological attack ended. It remained for the United States, however, to provide the final material basis for a successful counter-revolution against Hitler by framing a program of military production which assures his final defeat.

There has been a great deal of talk about freeing the victims of Nazi conquests, but no one has come forward with a definite program. The proposals advanced in this article may have their flaws, but the urgency of the situation justifies their presentation. The conquered peoples of Europe constitute a vast untapped reservoir of military power. Ways and means of sustaining their hopes, of arming them, and of employing them in direct military operations when the state of Allied preparations and Axis exhaustion permits an invasion of the continent of Europe should be one of the prime concerns of Allied grand strategy.

A revolt of the conquered countries could not possibly succeed alone; it must be timed to coincide with an Allied invasion of the Continent. The formulation of plans for utilizing this huge army, now without weapons or banners, will call for great elasticity of mind on the part of our military staffs and our State Department, but the advantages to be won are incalculable. All timidity and half-measures, all conventional textbook ideas, must be ruthlessly cast aside. If the Allied military leaders try to conduct a formal invasion of Europe in the textbook manner without benefit of a major strategical surprise or without utilizing every potential ally, we shall probably have to pay for each inch of liberated ground on something like the scale of our losses in the First World War. Mere superiority in planes and tanks will not bring immediate and decisive results; in fighting Germans the maximum attention must be paid to out-thinking them. Utilization of the conquered peoples of Europe in an invasion program holds the promise of a major military surprise.

How can the discouraged Europeans be shown that they have a part to play in their own liberation? How can the fires of their resistance be kept burning? Fortunately the Germans have provided the background for a successful counter-revolution by their treatment of the conquered peoples. Had the mercifully swift strokes of the victorious *Wehrmacht* in Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, Norway, Greece, and Yugoslavia been followed by an intelligent program of decent treatment for the conquered areas, the beaten men of Europe might have allowed their admiration for the brilliant planning, bold execution, and harsh efficiency of the Nazi war machine to rise above their hatred for the conqueror. But the stupidity, cruelty, and rapacity of the Gestapo-controlled occupational authorities removed this possibility. Instead, there arose the kind of desperate anger which has prompted an endless record of forlorn-hope assassinations and acts of violence. The peoples of occupied Europe have come to recognize that "peace" in the traditional sense of the word is impossible if the military revolution of National Socialism prevails. We must be prepared to exploit this conviction by arming the forces of counter-revolution against Hitler.

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The technique of distributing weapons can be determined later. The essential requirement now is that the United States and Great Britain decide on the main outlines of the program. The following articles of agreement would cover the principles involved:

1. The United States and Great Britain jointly recognize that a state of war exists in the conquered areas of Europe.

2. The United States and Great Britain will undertake to distribute weapons on a scale great enough to insure the effectiveness of an uprising in conjunction with the invasion of the Continent.

3. The United States and Great Britain will recognize as members of an army of freedom all persons in the occupied areas who accept the weapons delivered.

4. Plans for the employment of these weapons in the most effective manner will be worked out and communicated to the occupied areas by radio and pamphlets.

5. The men who accept these weapons will provide themselves with an identifying symbol to constitute the "uniform" of the army of freedom.

6. If Axis governments refuse to recognize such men captured in the course of military operations as *bona fide* members of an army and execute them summarily as armed civilians, adequate reprisal executions of Nazi officials, officers, prisoners, and agents will be carried out.

Though the main military advantages of this plan will not be attained until the time for the invasion of the Continent arrives, its adoption will bring great secondary advantages immediately. The period between the announcement of the program and its execution can be utilized for more systematic psychological attacks on the Nazis than the present ineffectual and sporadic attempts to undermine enemy morale. The air waves of Europe can be filled with talk of the arms-distribution plan, the certainty of freedom for the oppressed peoples, and the inevitable retribution to fall upon the Nazis. It must be repeated endlessly that this is a people's movement to restore freedom to Europe. The enemy must be told everything about the program except when it is to be put into effect. For the first time the war of nerves will thus be turned against the Nazis; it will grow in intensity as Allied military production increases and Axis reverses occur.

When the time for invasion comes, no German company will march through a forest, no platoon will move through a village, without fear; no sentry will feel safe. Quislings will be terrorized. Soldiers at the front will feel that every possible route of retreat may be filled with murderous surprises.

The weapons supplied must be simple enough for untrained persons to operate and effective enough, when employed with surprise and stealth, to give the men operating them temporary equality with German soldiers. The rifle does not possess the shock power required. The ideal arms for counter-revolution are the submachine-gun and the high-power fragmentation grenade. Both are relatively simple to manufacture, easy to operate, and deadly at close range. Both are essentially weapons of surprise. The physical courage and effectiveness of a man armed with a submachine-gun is roughly four times that of a man armed with a rifle. The high-power fragmentation grenade is admirably suited for attacking troop formations in city streets. The present rate of manufacture of these two weapons in the United States alone gives promise that at least fifty thousand submachine-guns and a million or two grenades could be allocated for this program without embarrassing the major military plans of the Allies.

*Vidkun Quisling*

The arms to be furnished can be fully described in radio broadcasts. Simple instructions in their use accompanied by charts and diagrams showing methods of effective employment under given circumstances can be given in pamphlets. The rest can be left to the men who will get the weapons. They can pass the long hours of waiting by perfecting traps for the conquerors. They can work out plans for exploiting their familiarity with the ground. They can make certain that arms are given only to reliable men and that the Quislings are the first to die. The liquidation of Nazi agents and local Quislings will contribute to the breakdown of the German system of control in the conquered areas and place additional strain on the German supply and transport system. For the first time since their defeat the men of subject Europe will be able to do something more useful than secretly scrawling V's on the walls of darkened houses.

The airplane must be used to distribute most of the weapons, although the ability shown by the British commando parties to land at various points on the coast of Europe may suggest other ways of handling the problem. The places where arms are to be landed can be worked out with the advice of the governments-in-exile, which know the sentiments of the population. Since their distribution must not be allowed to weaken the military air power of the main Allied movement to which the whole

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plan is ancillary, non-military or obsolete aircraft and civilian pilots must be employed. There were some 17,000 certified private planes and 63,000 licensed civilian pilots in the United States on January 1, 1941. The number has increased since that time, and a civilian air corps of 20,000 pilots is in process of formation. This pool of non-military pilots should be able to provide the men required to fly ten thousand weapon-carrying planes into the occupied areas of Europe when the time for the invasion arrives. If each plane carried five submachine-guns and from twenty to fifty grenades, the transportation problem would be solved.

At present Britain is the only base from which such planes can operate, but the situation may change. Holland, Belgium, and northern France are within range of private planes based on Britain—Corrigan made his nonstop trip to Ireland in such a plane. Norway, which offers unusual promise of effective cooperation on the part of the population, is within range of obsolete bombers and transport planes operating from Iceland. Yugoslavia is outside the range of private planes or obsolete bombers, but it would be worth while to sacrifice a few heavy bombers in order to transport weapons to the bold and rebellious Serbs. In fact, members of the British Middle East command have recently advocated this kind of aid to Serb guerrillas. Some losses will have to be anticipated, but the percentage of deliveries should be fairly high. By the time the program is launched it can be operated under an "umbrella" of Allied military air power. With the enemy concentrating his anti-aircraft fire on attacking planes, the widely dispersed flights of small carriers should enjoy relative immunity.

The diversion created by Lawrence in Arabia is said to have saved the lives of thousands of Allenby's soldiers. And even if the plan for distributing weapons in Europe is only partially successful, it will save many thousands of lives in the Allied armies. But there are other immediate if less tangible results to be attained. The mere adoption of a plan for the distribution of weapons for use in conjunction with a future invasion of Europe will have immense political repercussions. Wavering agents of Vichy, for example, will hardly dare risk further concessions to Hitler if they know that some day large numbers of Frenchmen will have dangerous weapons in their hands. The men of Vichy may have misread some of the lessons of history, but they cannot be ignorant of the relentlessness with which the men of the Revolution hunted down those of their countrymen whom they identified as enemies of liberty.

It does not matter much what plan for arming the anti-Nazi revolution is adopted, but it is imperative that a decision as to policy be taken without delay. We have heard the tragic words "too late" repeated after a dozen heart-breaking Allied failures. Here is one field in which there is still time to act.

# *Everybody's Business*

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

## War Profits for Railroads

IMMEDIATELY after the settlement of the railroad wage dispute last December, a petition was filed with the Interstate Commerce Committee by the railroad companies asking permission to increase both passenger and freight rates, with certain exceptions, by 10 per cent. They had been encouraged to take this step by the report of the Emergency Fact-finding Board appointed by the President in connection with the wage dispute. "We feel obliged to say," this body declared, "that our recommended increases in railroad wages have been made on the assumption that the railroads can secure needed relief from resulting inadequate net revenues by obtaining permission to increase their transportation rates."

In making their request to the ICC the railroads estimated that their increased wage bill would be about $312,000,000 annually, and they also stressed rising material costs and the expense of precautionary measures against sabotage. On the basis of 1941 traffics they calculated that the 10 per cent increase in rates would roughly cover these additional charges. Acting with unusual celerity, the ICC has already granted the desired revision in passenger fares, and it is expected shortly to give its blessing to a 6 or 7 per cent rise in freight rates.

The increase in passenger fares has not gone unprotested by the traveling public, and a rise in freight rates will probably produce still more criticism. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Eastern railroads have been buying considerable advertising space in the newspapers in order to put their case before their customers. Their story dwells heavily on the increase in labor and other costs, stresses the huge capital outlay required to meet war demands for transport, and winds up by pointing out that the increase in fares is only a fraction of a cent per mile, which reminds me of the extenuating circumstance urged by the girl who produced an unauthorized baby: "After all, it's only a very little one." Ten per cent means quite a lot to commuters caught between fixed incomes and rising living costs. The railroads' argument is illustrated by a chart showing that the new coach fares are 39 per cent less than during the depression years. Is it, I wonder, altogether tactful to remind the public that from 1929 to 1936, when so many people's incomes were depleted, when prices of all unmonopolized goods and services were tumbling headlong, the railroads blithely held fares at the level of the mad twenties? It was a policy with a sharp recoil, for it gave the long-distance buses a chance to provide the rails with a real competitive headache.

Now war has soothed them with an undeserved aspirin, although mention of this fact is not considered good taste by railroad spokesmen, who prefer to talk about the burdens rather than the benefits of war. But these benefits are very definite and substantial. Rail revenues are always closely linked to the index of industrial production, now at an all-time high. And traffics are being enlarged still further by the operation of additional war factors. For instance, the shortage of ship-

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ping has meant that goods formerly sent from coast to coast by sea are being routed by rail. Again, normally the flow of goods is heaviest from west to east, involving an expense in sending empties back to California. Now the growth of armament industries on the West Coast provides profitable round trips. Another added source of revenue is troop movements—all the more profitable because of the recent abolition of land-grant rates for government traffic. Then there is the rubber shortage, which is deterring millions of motorists from using their cars for trips which can be made by rail, and may soon curtail bus and truck competition.

The fact is, the railroads have all the traffic in sight that they can possibly handle; perhaps more, for in 1940, when it was easier to buy new equipment, railroad executives were shortsightedly deprecating the possibility of a strain on the transport system. Today Joseph B. Eastman, Director of Defense Transportation, has warned that priorities for passengers will be necessary, and a shortage of freight cars may develop later this year.

Capacity or near-capacity operations for the railroads mean an increase in net profits far greater proportionately than the increase in gross revenues. The more intensive use of equipment means a thinning out of fixed charges, which form so large a fraction of total rail expenses, so that while receipts from passengers and freight rise, costs per passenger-mile or per ton-mile decline. The experience of the New York Central last year illustrates this point. Freight revenues rose 24.6 per cent in comparison with 1940, passenger revenues 12.3 per cent, and gross revenues 20.8 per cent. But after higher operating and maintenance costs and much bigger tax charges were met, net operating revenues increased 30.7 per cent, and net income per share of capital stock jumped from $1.75 to $4.09.

Reports from 135 Class I railroads showed an estimated aggregate net income in 1941 of $500,545,071, which was more than two and a half times the profit earned in 1940. These results were achieved by increasing gross revenue by not much over 25 per cent. It is true that this prosperity was not entirely evenly spread, for 28 Class I roads were still unable to earn full interest and rentals. But most of the big roads did very well indeed and were able either to decrease their indebtedness or increase their dividends, or both.

For 1942 rail prospects are bright. During the first five weeks of the year carloadings increased by 11.7 per cent despite the slowing down of the automobile and other consumer industries. Later in the year, when conversion to war production becomes fully effective, a still greater increase in freight traffics seems certain. Provided that the ICC complies with the railroads' request for higher freight rates and thus takes care of their increased wage and other costs, profits will surely make another leap forward. And since transport charges enter into practically all costs, a new inflationary influence will be operating.

Spokesmen for the industry may say: "Well, what of it? Haven't the railroads suffered enough since 1930? Isn't it time they put on a little fat to compensate for the lean years?" The answer to that is that the objective of this war is not to compensate anyone for past deprivations. On the contrary, it is high time we started tightening our belts instead of expanding our corporations.

# *In the Wind*

WASHINGTON DEBUTANTES last week gave a party to raise funds for various civilian organizations aiding the war effort. One of their number gave a talk on the problems they faced and ended her oration on this militant note: "And let us always," she said, "remember Bar Harbor!"

THREE BOOKS by George Sylvester Viereck, who is now under indictment as a Nazi agent, will be reprinted this spring by Gold Label Books of New York.

THE FAMOUS street-corner racks from which the people of Baltimore were accustomed to get their newspapers are no longer being used. The Sunpapers, which owned the devices, fired the crew that operated them after the Wage-Hour Board informed the publishers that their employment standards would have to be raised.

AMERICA FIRST still keeps its Chicago headquarters open. Reporters visiting the offices in the Board of Trade Building have been unable to learn precisely what business the committee is now engaged in, but most of the old staff is on hand and some committee officials can still be reached by telephone at the office.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY is so sensitive to charges that it impeded the defense program in the pre-Pearl Harbor days that it is sponsoring a huge publicity campaign to clear itself. Dozens of the country's leading journalists have been visiting Detroit in the past three weeks at the invitation of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. Reprints of dispatches by these correspondents have been distributed daily by the association to all newspapers, sometimes as many as fifteen stories being sent out in one mailing.

THOMAS R. AMLIE, former Congressman from Wisconsin, has been appointed Washington representative of the Union for Democratic Action. Amlie, whose office will serve as a clearing-house for non-government liberals in Washington, was one of the leaders of the La Follette Progressives before the present war and was at one time head of the Farmer-Labor Federation. He split with the La Follette group two years ago on the issue of American intervention in the war, which he supported.

FROM A RECENT ISSUE of the London *Times:* "Every effort should be made to keep sport going in this country on as big a scale as possible, for if there is to be no sport there will be no results to send out to our poor fellows in Germany, many of whom probably do not yet know that Owen Tudor won the New Derby at Newmarket."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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# A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

## For the Duration

A GOOD many people are saying goodby these days—and certainly mine is not the most difficult farewell. But it is bad enough. I have been happy on this page. I don't want to leave it. I have been aware that it has been a sort of country product in the company of the intellectual and the erudite. I would not have had it otherwise. I wanted to be a "native at large." But in such company, if I was not always wise, I was always free. I said what I wanted to say. I hope I may have said some things that needed to be said. And there are still so many things—there always will be so many things—that need to be said, in freedom, in America.

A man about to try to do a job in this great business which is still too often and too softly called defense can be surer that America is worth defending because it contains such free journals for the free mind as *The Nation.* Maybe the best place for a man who wants to be a patriot without trimmings in this emergency is on such a page. I am still not sure that I cannot do more at a typewriter than at a defense desk. But choices have to be made. I chose Washington. But I should like to make it clear in departure that I am not claiming any credit for making a sacrifice. I am going to do a job I want to do, even if I want to do it because I believe in this country. I am not going into danger or dramatics. I hope I am not going to be a bureaucrat in that Washington I have so often reported on this page as too big and bewildering. I still find it big and bewildering. The first four nights I spent in Washington I slept in four different beds. I have not yet eaten a meal at the same table twice. I'm not in Washington as one of those dollar-a-year men I've inveighed against on this page. I'm going as a working man with a chance to take part in the work most worth doing in my lifetime in America. As far as I am concerned, it is the only job on earth.

I believe the work I am going to have a chance to help with—the volunteer services of Americans in defense of America—is important. Indeed, I feel that the entirely non-military functions of civilian defense may grow more important as the months go by. Last year, as a nation, we bought more consumers' goods than were ever before produced in America, or in any other country. That is the best indicator I know that we were still rich and getting fatter in a world at war. In such a year it was hard to make it apparent that savings in terms of people or materials meant patriotism. Civilian defense seemed appealing only in the limited terms of the work of the air-raid wardens, filter-center workers, and fire fighters. We shall soon begin another year, with an income tax which digs down deeper than ever before into the pockets of taxpayers. We have begun to have rationing and shall have more, as both consumers and salesmen are beginning to discover. But if times become tougher, as war times are expected to be, they may teach us also that in total war that civilian service is greatest which saves the most hands and resources to throw into total aggressive war. The civilians in the air-raid services which seemed so dramatic last year may have to wait a long time for air raids. We can hope so. The rest of us cannot delay the activities which will make it possible for us to save materials and man-power and turn them into the strength which will support our determination on victory. The undramatic services and sacrifices add up to the dramatic hope of success in total war.

I believe in the certainty of that success. I believe in it because I have no doubts about the quality of America. But I want to get out of government as soon as we are successfully out of war. It is not a little thing to me that success will mean a chance for a man to write on a free page such as mine has been in *The Nation.* I hope I can come back to it. Indeed, Freda Kirchwey has been good enough to suggest that I continue writing it from Washington. But I know she agrees with me that, even for such a bureaucrat as I may turn out to be in Washington, this is not a part-time war to be worked at in part-time jobs. Indeed, it seems to me to be the one job of any importance to us all.

Even if I cannot come back to the full freedom given me on this page, at least I have had it. For some twenty months I have had a chance to have my say. I have had my chance in America, too. It has not been a perfect America. In it trooped people who found it a long way from perfection. It has plenty of faults now not to be neglected in the midst of war. I do not expect America to be perfect even when we shall have made that best possible peace after victory. I do not expect us to reach the ideal even with mechanized equipment produced according to the best American standards of production. But America as it is now is still worth all we've got to give. I'm hoping—along with more Americans than any of us can count—that what I've got will be worth something to that America.

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## THE END OF THE LINE

BY RANDALL JARRELL

WHAT has impressed everyone about modernist poetry is its *differentness*. The familiar and rather touching "I like poetry—but not modern poetry" is only another way of noticing what almost all criticism has emphasized: the violent separation between modernist poetry and the essentially romantic poetry of the preceding hundred years. This separation was enough to discredit modernist poetry with "conventional" poets, critics, and readers, who were satisfied with romantic poetry; and more "advanced" poets and critics —who usually disliked romanticism with all the fervor of converts—were delighted to find modernist poetry as different as possible from romantic poetry. "Romantic," once again, after almost two centuries, became a term of derogation; correspondingly, there grew up a rather blank cult of the "classical," and poets like Eliot began to hint that they were the new classicism for which we—or perhaps I should say they—had been impatiently searching.

In this essay I want to develop a different theory of the relationship of modernist and romantic poetry. But if the reader understands me to be using "romantic" as an unfavorably weighted term, most of what I say will be badly distorted. A good many romantic tendencies seem to me bad ones, and some of the better tendencies, if exaggerated enough, become vicious; but a great deal of the best poetry I know is romantic. Of course, one can say almost that about neo-classicism, metaphysical poetry, modernism, or most other tendencies in English poetry; if the reader brings up that superior tendency, classicism, let me answer that I have never heard of two people who could agree on any English "classical" tradition. It is not strange that any real movement, compared with this wax monster, comes off nowhere; but it is strange that anyone should take the comparison for a real one. I shall pay more attention to unfortunate or exaggerated romantic tendencies because these are the most characteristic: the "good" tendencies of movements are far more alike than the "bad" ones; a proof that two movements are essentially similar needs to show that their bad or exaggerated tendencies resemble each other. People often condemn critics for using terms like "romantic" or "neo-classic"; but this is like condemning them for having legs instead of wheels.

Modernist poetry—the poetry of Pound, Eliot, Crane, Tate, Stevens, Cummings, Moore, MacLeish, et cetera—appears to be and is generally considered to be a violent break with romanticism; it is actually, I believe, an extension of romanticism, an end-product in which most of the tendencies of romanticism have been carried to their limits. Romanticism —whether considered as the product of a whole culture or, in isolation, as a purely literary phenomenon—is necessarily a process of extension, a vector; it presupposes a constant experimentalism, the indefinite attainment of "originality," generation after generation, primarily by the novel extrapolation of previously exploited processes. (Neo-classicism, in theory at least, is a static system.) All these romantic tendencies are exploited to their limits; and the movement which carries out this final exploitation, apparently so different from earlier stages of the same process, is what we call modernism. Then, at last, romanticism is confronted with an impasse, a critical point, a genuinely novel situation that it can meet successfully only by contriving genuinely novel means—that is, means that are essentially non-romantic; the romantic means have already been exhausted. Until these new means are found (they have not been, and I am reluctant to imply that they can be found, at will, without the social changes that are their concomitant), romanticism operates by repeating its last modernist successes or by reverting to its earlier stages; but its normal development has ended, and—the momentum that gave it most of its attraction gone—it becomes a relatively eclectic system, much closer to neo-classicism than it has hitherto been. (A few of these last romanticists actually go over into neo-classicism). If this account seems odd or unlikely to the reader, let me remind him that the same course of development is extremely plain in modern music.

A good many factors combine to conceal the essentially romantic character of modernist poetry. 1. A great quantitative change looks like a qualitative one: for instance, the attenuation or breaking-up of form characteristic of romanticism will not be recognized or tolerated by the average romantic when it reaches its limit in modernist poetry. 2. The violent contrast between the modernist limits of romantic tendencies and the earlier stages of these tendencies, practiced belatedly and eclectically by "conventional" poets, is an important source of confusion. 3. Most of the best modern criticism of poetry is extremely anti-romantic—a poet's criticism is frequently not a reflection of but a compensation for his own poetry; and this change in theory has helped to hide the lack of any essential change in practice. 4. Modernist poems, while possessing some romantic tendencies in hypertrophied forms, often lack others so noticeably that the reader disregards the ones they have, especially since these may be too common for him to be conscious of them as specifically romantic. (Most of the romantic qualities that poetry has specialized in for the last 150 years seem to the average reader "normal" or "poetic," what poetry inescapably is.) 5. Romanticism holds in solution contradictory tendencies which, when isolated and exaggerated in modernism, look startlingly opposite both to each other and to the earlier stages of romanticism. 6. Both modernist and conventional critics have been unable to see the fundamental similarities between modernist and romantic poetry because they were

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unwilling to see anything but differences: these were to the former a final recommendation, to the latter a final condemnation.

We can understand modernist poetry better by noticing where and how it began. The English poetry that we call *fin de siècle*—the most important tendency of its time—was a limit of one easily recognizable extension of romanticism. These "decadent" poets were strongly influenced by Baudelaire, Verlaine, and similar French poets. Rimbaud, Laforgue, and Corbière—who had already written plainly "modern" poetry—had no influence on them. Why? Because a section of French poetry was developing a quarter-century ahead of English poetry: Rimbaud wrote typically modernist poetry in the '70's; in the '90's a surrealist play, Jarry's "Ubu Roi," scared the young Yeats into crying: "After us the Savage God!" France, without England's industrial advantages and enormous colonial profits, had had little of the Victorian prosperity which slowed up the economic and political rate of change in England. And—if we stick to a part of the culture, literature—the rate of change could be greater in France because romanticism was more of a surface phenomenon there. English poetry was not *ready* to be influenced by French modernism for many years. Meanwhile there were two movements so beautifully suited to criticism that I can hardly bear to neglect them. Accompanying the triumph of prose naturalism there was a prosy, realistic, small-scale, and extremely limited reaction against "decadent" poetry (it included Robinson, Frost, Masters, Masefield, some of the Georgians, etc.); it had about it something rather safe, small, and dowdy that reminds one of the last fictitious lull that was its political and economic counterpart. The other movement, imagism, carried four or five romantic tendencies to their limits with the hot-house perfection of a mathematical demonstration.

French modernist poetry first influenced poetry in English through Americans, who lacking a determining or confining tradition of their own, were particularly accessible and susceptible. Pound and Eliot were expatriates in both space and time; their methods have always been those of a Picasso without much talent for organization. (But both, to a European, must seem peculiarly American; one could with justice call Pound the Henry Ford of culture, or say that both Pound and Eliot represent the successful application of American industrial methods to literature.) Pound, that great source of modernist influences, is the plainest example of the shift from late romanticism into modernism. After many years of Browning imitations, of Pre-Raphaelite pastiches from the Middle Ages, he passes through imagism into modernism. Another fine example is the Irish expatriate Joyce, who, beginning with *fin de siècle* lyrics, goes on to the modernist poetry of "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake"—as Edmund Wilson has observed, parts of these are plainly poetry.

Since I have no space to talk chronologically or in terms of individual poets, I am going to support my theory with a list of the general characteristics of modernist poetry. 1. A pronounced experimentalism; "originality" is everyone's aim, and novel techniques are as much prized as new scientific discoveries. Eliot states it with surprising naivete: "It is exactly as wasteful for a poet to do what has been done already as for a biologist to rediscover Mendel's discoveries." 2. External formlessness and internal disorganization; these are justified either as the disorganization necessary to express a disorganized age or as new and more complex forms of organization. This tendency is extended to language, syntax, punctuation. Meter becomes irregular or disappears; the rhythmical flow of verse is broken up into a jerky half-prose *collage* or *montage*. 3. Heightened emotional intensity; violence of every sort. 4. Obscurity, inaccessibility: logic, both for structure and for texture, is neglected; without this for a ground the masses of the illogical or a-logical lose much of their effectiveness. The poet's peculiar erudition and allusiveness (compare the Alexandrian poet Lycophron) consciously restrict his audience to a small, highly specialized group; the poet is a specialist like everyone else. He intimidates or overawes the reader with a professional pose that may be unkindly paraphrased as "Even if I try to talk down to you, I'm so cultivated, so really different, that I can't help talking about all these things you never heard of, in a way too complicated or subtle for you ever to understand." *Epater les bourgeois* is a policy that adds to the popularity it had enjoyed with earlier romantics. 5. A lack of restraint, order, proportion: all tendencies are forced to their limits, even contradictory tendencies—and not merely in the same movement but, frequently, in the same poet or the same poem. Some modernist poetry puts an unparalleled emphasis on texture, connotation, violently "interesting" language (attained partly by an extension of romantic principles, partly by a more violent rhetoric based on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century practices); but there has never before been such prosaic poetry—conversational-colloquial verse without even a pretense at meter. 6. A great emphasis on details—on parts, not wholes. Poetry is essentially lyric: the rare narrative or expository poem is a disorganized collocation of lyric details. Poetry exploits particulars and avoids and condemns generalizations. 7. The typical romantic preoccupation with sensation, perceptual nuances. 8. A preoccupation with the unconscious, dreams, the stream of consciousness, the thoroughly subjective and irrational: this *surréaliste* emphasis might better have been called *sous-réaliste*.

9. Irony of every type, Byronic, Laforguian, or helplessly sentimental. Poetry is noticeably negativist; it rejects rather than accepts, is embarrassed at any affirmation. 10. *Fauve* or neo-primitive elements. 11. Modernist poets, though they may write about the ordinary life of the time, are removed from it, have highly specialized relations with it. The poet's realism is employed as indictment, as justification for his own isolation; prosaic and sordid details become important as what writers like Stevens and Williams somewhat primitively think of as the *anti-poetic*. Contemporary life is condemned, patronized, or treated as a rather disgraceful aberration or special case (compared with the past); the poet hangs out the window of the Ivory Tower making nasty but unintelligible remarks about what is happening below—he accepts the universe with several volumes of reservations. What was happening below was bad enough; but it was the poet's material, his world, all he had; and his rejection or patronizing acceptance on his own terms—and what terms they were!—was a grave limitation. 12. Individual-

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ism, isolation. The poet is not only different from the rest of society, but as different as possible from other poets; all this differentness is exploited to the limit—is used as subject-matter, even. Each poet develops an elaborate, personalized, bureaucratized machinery of effect; *refine your singularities* is everybody's maxim. 13. These poets dislike and condemn science, industrialism, humanitarianism, "progress," the main tendencies of Western development; they want desperately to return to the past, to an essentially literary-philosophical-theological world view.

This complex of qualities is essentially romantic, and the poetry that exhibits it is the culminating point of romanticism.

It is the end of the line. We can go back and repeat the ride; we can settle in little atavistic colonies along the street-car track; we can repudiate the whole system, *à la* Winters, for some neo-classical donkey caravan of our own. But Modernism as We Know It—the most successful and influential body of poetry of this century—is dead. Compare the current copy of *Poetry* with a ten-year-old one. Who could have believed that modernism would collapse so fast? Only someone who realized that it was impossible for it to go any farther; that it was a beyond-which-not. How can poems be written that are more violent, more disorganized, more obscure, more—supply your own adjective—than those that have already been written? But if modernism could not go any farther, it was equally impossible for it to stay where it was; even if the development of our whole society had not been forcing it on, how could a movement completely dynamic in character, as "progressive" as the science and industrialism that accompanied it, manage to become static or retrogressive without going to pieces? Fifteen or eighteen years ago there were a dozen good young American poets—all, with animal certainty, pouring out experimental verse. What has become of them? Where are the poets to take their place? Today there is an embarrassment of choices: young poets can choose—do choose—to write anything from surrealism to imitations of Robert Bridges; the only thing they have no choice about is making a choice. The Muse, forsaking her sterner laws, says to everyone: "Do what you will." But first-rate romantic poetry, unlike neo-classic, is almost always produced by poets who are at that moment "advanced," carrying tendencies to their limits; if we eclectically reproduce earlier stages of romanticism we get Benét—how delighted I am with the ambiguity that makes this refer both to William Rose and Stephen Vincent—plaster casts. Just now poets are in a bad spot—one which a few will escape from, one which a great many will never even hear about.

For a long time society and poetry have been developing in the same direction, have exploited certain tendencies to their limits: how can anyone fail to realize that the individualist excesses of modernist poetry are the necessary concomitants of the individualist excesses of late-capitalist society? (The absurdly perfect example is Jeffers, caught up in the throes of an individualism so exaggerated that he despises any bonds—society, people, life itself. Old Rocky Face, perched on his sea crag, is the last of laissez faire; Free Economic Man at the end of his rope.) Modernist poets—aggressively experimental, isolated, anti-social, individualist—rushed toward the limits of tendencies, alongside their society, with

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# *What Is All This Talk About*

# STOLPER*

**RAYMOND GRAM SWING**
*in The Nation*

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*in the Boston Herald*

"It would be easy enough to review this book with the usual critical claptrap 'extremely important,' 'required reading,' 'stimulating,' and all the rest—but it would be a signal disservice to the public and to a remarkable book to do so. The cliches would be true enough, but long use has so eroded them that *This Age of Fable* would be classified as another ephemeral masterpiece to be read this month or not at all. Let me only say, most earnestly, that *if you can read only one book in 1942,* This Age of Fable *is the one to read.*"

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# THIS AGE OF FABLE

**The Political and Economic World We Live In**

## *By GUSTAV STOLPER

**REYNAL & HITCHCOCK : Publishers : New York**


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the greatest confidence; when, by the '30's, these limits are reached, what becomes of the individualists of the '20's? They reach desperately for any collectivist emphasis: Catholicism, social credit, agrarianism, fascism, communism. Their work changes: they write neo-classic criticism and verse, or write political criticism and verse, or stop writing; one or two heartlessly or helplessly repeat the old, to the uncomprehending dismay of the others—remember the reception of Cummings's last book, everyone's genuine astonishment at his being able to keep on almost as before.

Auden has been so influential because his poetry is the most successful and novel reaction against modernist romanticism; very few of the modernist tendencies I have listed are important in his work. (The youngest English poets, who react against Auden's reaction—Thomas, for instance—have been forced to return, with a different emphasis, to the semi-surrealist excesses of some modernist poetry.) But Auden, though moving in the direction of a solution, soon goes past it into didacticism and abstraction.

I am afraid that my hypothesis, without the mass of evidence that makes a theory plausible, or the tangle of extensions and incidental insights that makes it charming, may seem improbable or unpleasant to many readers. But I hope no one will dislike it because he thinks it an attack on romanticism or modernism. This has been description, not condemnation; Burke said you can't condemn a whole people, and I hope I am not such a fool as to condemn a century and a half of a world. (Besides, I liked it—a lot of it, anyway.) Let me ask the reader, if he disagrees with my theory, to look once again at the poems of Pound or Eliot or Crane or MacLeish—the proof or disproof of it is there.

# Homage to Ezra Pound

BY GILBERT HIGHET

AND so depart into dark
long in limbo, hornet-stung and following battered flags
and then manufacturing various hells for his own enemies
all stamped EZRA POUND
(Phoebus, what a name
to swill the speaking trump, *gloriae futuris*)
though ole T. S. E. proclaimed his maestro
and in *such* prose, my God
constipated but dignified like an elderly cat
"trying his technique so that it will be ready like a well-oiled fire-engine when the moment comes to strain it to the utmost," ooh, my God, *splendeur Dex!*

But the *Criterion* folded
(good old *Criterion* many a happy hour
have I spent at the bar watching the lovelies
shantih
shantih?
No, 'e shan't!)
and the Cantos went not with a bang but a fizzle
didn't even get ther ber-luddy reviews
and the expatriate adorers all came running back to mamma's womb
so there was no one left to visit the shrine. . . .

We have observed, quoth Plinius, that sacrifices hitherto popular in many provinces of the empire have now almost ceased, to the great impoverishment of butchers, graziers, and the like. *Dabam Romae prid. III Kal. Iul.:* that's June 1, buddy, in their dago lingo. . . .

And there sat the well-oiled fire-engine
all ready to strain its gutmost
eek ow ouf honk honk
unable to think, but ready to quote and paraphrase in six languages
including Provençal. . . .
ei didl didl
li chat e li fidl
it took a man like Ezra to kill Provençal poetry for us. . . .

And he had learnt all he could
not a hell of a lot
στεῖρων βοῦν = sterile bulls, that was a good one, Canto I
a significant bit of bull
*Cimbrorumque minas* = Welsh coal mines, meant to be funny, maybe?
pretty damn funny, anyway
QUAINT like all his Chinese and Greeks and Romans
they appear QUAINT to Homer Pound's boy from the backwoods
the Idaho poeta. . . .

And his temper was never good, you get eccentric living in Rapallo and loving
BEAUTY
the Emperor is at Ko
but No
silken strings shiver no longer, clashing of smilax, dark nuts on the dry bough, nuts on wet earth, nuts
it's lonesome too being the only one who understands
Caius Properzius,
'Alkaios,
Li Pu,
all great guys,
an' I *know* 'em, see?
Uncle Ezry on the Acropopopoulos, the rube at his grocery stove
gignetei colon
:
SO?
So he took to damning his own country, living in Rapallo and Rome
among the blackshirted brownbottomed yellowhearted Heroes
the gallant macaronis that ran from the Greeks, 3 to 1
aera!
aera!!
whoosh!!!
—sure, Ezra loved 'em:
the lover of the third-rate loving fascist Italia e l'IMPERO pfft
the bogus aristocrat wanting Discipline and no Lower Classes

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## *A Great* NATION *Correspondent Probes Victory and Peace*

# DAWN OF VICTORY

## *by Louis Fischer*

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More recently, in interviews and conversations with our leaders and people, in Washington and in cities and towns throughout the country, he has similarly caught the American slants on victory and peace.

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So Ezra attacked the ole USA and pluto-bolsho-Britain
Jews, & negroes, & Roosevelt, & armament trusts, & usurers
melodious swill-pipe for Goebbels
(Frank Sullivan says Gayda is the only newspaperman that can write the way a Pekinese barks. . . He shd read Ezra's XIVth Canto. . . .
tender . . .
like a centaur's asphodel . . .)

And so to his own hell, the last hell, the ninth hell, Antenora
of ice
for traitors
teeth gnashing like the chattering of storks

# American Dream vs. Nightmare

*AMERICA AND WORLD MASTERY.* By John MacCormac. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

*AMERICA IN WORLD AFFAIRS.* By Allan Nevins. Oxford University Press. $1.

WHILE these two books, one by a thoughtful journalist and the other by a historian, are not identical in purpose, they supplement each other admirably and arrive at fairly similar conclusions. Both of them deal with the curious mixture of isolationism and imperialism in American foreign policy, of the impulse to withdraw from the world and the impulse to dominate it. MacCormac examines with real penetration the search for a "synthesis for the isolationism which the United States has always preached and sometimes practiced and the expansionism which it has frequently practiced but seldom admitted." He recognizes that the combination of youth and power, of a youthful nation's immaturity in foreign relations and a great nation's sense of power, helped to generate this inconsistency and the self-deception which accompanied it. "Americans," he writes, "had achieved a continental imperialism as inevitably as a boy stretches his limbs in growth. But they had always felt the uneasy necessity to justify or to glorify it under such pleas as natural right, propinquity, paramount interest, political affinity, the need of self-defense, etc." It must be noted of course that this kind of moral pretense is not uniquely American, not even uniquely Anglo-Saxon.

In his chapter on the History of a Neurosis MacCormac presents the climax of this ambivalence in the World War and the post-war period, when the rather spiritualized sense of power and world responsibility of Wilsonian internationalism gave way to the impulse of withdrawal: "The dream was overpowered by the nightmare. The revolt was led by Senators Lodge and Beveridge, who twenty years earlier had been imperialists."

Mr. Nevins sheds added light upon this inconsistency of American foreign politics by showing to what degree the President and the Department of State have always been inclined to accept the more positive and responsible attitude toward world affairs, while the great power of the Senate in treaty-making permitted isolationist impulses, particularly those of the agrarian states, to introduce contradictory notes into American foreign policy. The persistence of this inconsistency in our foreign relations is really quite remarkable, and Mr. Nevins traces it with skill.

Mr. MacCormac is convinced that future world organization must be within the framework of a new League of Nations, but that if it is to be implemented by power it must have a stable Anglo-Saxon hegemony. He therefore regards the elimination of political misunderstandings and economic tensions between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers as of paramount importance. For this reason he gives special attention to the various causes of misunderstanding between the two peoples. In contrasting our more bourgeois and egalitarian democracy with the amalgam of feudal-aristocratic and bourgeois elements which we know as British democracy, the author proves himself a really wise and understanding friend of both nations. He discusses the differences with wit as well as wisdom. Yet despite his great appreciation of British achievements he comes to the conclusion that the British have "been long wretchedly represented and lately have been disastrously led by a ruling class which seems to have outlived its historic mission. . . . Some of the proconsuls it has lately dispatched to the United States could not have been more exquisitely unfitted for their mission if they had been chosen by Adolf Hitler himself." Does he mean Lord Halifax?

Mr. MacCormac comes to the rather astounding conclusion that if the impulse of isolationism should overtake us once more after this war, Britain would have no other recourse than an Anglo-German control of Europe.

Mr. Nevins does not give advice in regard to the future. He contents himself with the more modest task of historical analysis. But it is the kind of analysis which illumines the future and points unmistakably to the necessity of the United States assuming responsibilities commensurate with its preponderant power.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

# Dr. Vespucci

*AMERIGO: A COMEDY OF ERRORS IN HISTORY.* By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.

STEFAN ZWEIG deserves a prize for writing a book about Amerigo Vespucci without losing his temper. True, he does not tell us anything more about America's eponym than E. G. Bourne did in one chapter of his "Spain in America," less than Diego Luis Molinari does in his recent "Nacimiento del Nuevo Mundo," and neither lost his temper; but they were historians, not biographers. The biographers of Vespucci either have been angrily cocksure that he was an impostor who never went to sea or claim that he was a greater navigator than Columbus. Stefan Zweig presents the genial hypothesis that Vespucci was mainly a clever writer who profited unconsciously by a series of literary errors. His letters to his old friends in Florence were so amusing that they got into print; because the voyage of 1499 with Alonso de Hojeda along the Pearl Coast was redated 1497 by the Florentine scribe or printer, people inferred that Vespucci reached the mainland before Columbus; and as Florence was only interested in her home-town boy, the name of Captain Hojeda was not mentioned.

To the reviewer this seems plausible. He once shipped at

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# INSIDE HITLER

## by KURT KRUEGER, M. D.

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*Introduction by* **UPTON SINCLAIR** ● *Preface by* **DR. K. ARVID ENLIND** U. S. MEDICAL RESERVE

TOM COLLINS in *The Kansas City Journal:* "If the personal physician of Hitler came and sat in your front room, and for three hours told you the intimate things his patient told him in his effort to get his tortured mind cured by psychoanalysis, you'd count it quite an experience, wouldn't you? I've had what amounts to that experience (in reading INSIDE HITLER) and it's left me bothered, shaken, and decidedly more thoughtful."

A. L. S. WOOD in *The Evening Union* (Springfield, Mass.): "A startling book. Hitler's mental works are taken down like those of a watch on a jeweler's stone. . . . The early emotional crisis that made the child love his mother and hate his father; the deep-seated reasons for his hatred of the Jews; the cruelty of a frustrated and impotent man, are discussed. The pieces fit together like the pieces of a well-cut jig-saw puzzle."

*The Baltimore Sun:* "It has undeniable fascination . . . should prove valuable to historians."

JOHN GRAY in *The St. Paul Dispatch:* "It is indeed a very shocking account that is given us of a degraded human spirit. The story follows the classic pattern of the psychopathic personality, beginning with a mother fixation, proceeding to a painful struggle with a variety of sexual abnormalities, and ending in a set of maniacal delusions and obsessions."

*The New York Post:* "As a shocking document it certainly can claim parity with *The Confessions of St. Augustine.*"

JOHN MCHUGH in *The Boston Herald:* "There is nothing like it in the abundant literature written around this man. INSIDE HITLER helps us realize what is ravaging the world. . . . The reader is supplied, literally, with the naked truth."

ROBERT FRANCIS *in The Brooklyn Eagle:* "He has compiled one of the most bizarre records of infantilism, sadism, messianic fury and frustration existing in a human mind. Some of it is shockingly incredible . . . but Dr. Krueger writes with the ring of unchallenged truth."

ROBERT S. STARRETT in *The Chicago Sun:* "There have been many books written about Hitler, but none of them approaches this one in factual knowledge. Dr. Krueger for 15 years ministered to the mental and physical welfare of the Munich mobster. . . . His failure to affect a cure has changed world-history, but not the value of his book."

*The San Francisco Chronicle:* "Dr. Krueger's points are well made. . . . Their most important quality lies in the fact that they present Hitler as a man rather than as the myth he is inclined to become in the minds of those who try to think of him. The element of surprise is abundant. . . ."

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the Azores a local seaman named Henrique who was a good sailmaker but illiterate and with no pretension to be anything but a foremast hand. After our *Capitana* had reached Lisbon, and the Portuguese newspaper correspondents had interviewed the crew, we were amused to read in the paper that "Captain Henrique joined the *Capitana* at Ponta Delgada and took command." But I am not so easily convinced of the innocence of Vespucci as of Henrique; for Vespucci never mentions captain or shipmate on any one of his four voyages. He was "All Alone in Cubia," as Mr. Dooley said of Theodore Roosevelt's book. It is possible that a publisher of 1504, when confronted with Vespucci's account of his first voyage, might have said, "Hey! There's enough material here for two voyages!" and told his devil to make it two, dating No. 1 a couple of years earlier. An instance of similar garbling in these early travelogues is the voyage to the Pearl Coast in the Thacher or Sneyd Codex, which Dr. W. J. Wilson is endeavoring to build up into a new voyage of Columbus but which I think is made up from bits of this Hojeda-Vespucci voyage and from Columbus's third. Before Amerigo's death in 1512 he had ample opportunity to correct these omissions and errors, but he simply "sat pretty" while his fictitious reputation increased.

Stefan Zweig believes that Amerigo did after all deserve to have something named after him, on the ground that, if he was not the discoverer of the Continent, he was the first to call it *Mundus Novus,* Columbus having insisted that it was Asia. "By so doing he disperses the fog clouding the great discoverer's eye to his own feat." "Vespucci actually completes the discovery of America." Now this is plain hokum, as Mr. Zweig might have learned by consulting the works of Bourne and Nunn. Peter Martyr d'Anghiera hailed Columbus as *Novi Orbis repertor* in 1493; so by Mr. Zweig's principles America should have been named Angleria. Moreover, Columbus on his 1498 voyage declared he had found an *Otro Mundo,* unknown to the ancients, which occupied the same position relative to China as Australia does. There is nothing in Vespucci's writings to suggest that he had any other conception of his New World than Columbus had of his Other World. Plenty of maps came out after Vespucci, representing North America as an extension of Asia, and South America, *the* America, as an immense island. Even Magellan's voyage did not at once end this geographical heresy, initiated by Columbus and certainly not quenched by Vespucci.

The naming of America, as Mr. Zweig shows, arose out of a combination of pedantry and ignorance for which Amerigo was only indirectly responsible. A young instructor at an obscure gymnasium in the Vosges, writing an introduction to a new geography, and ignorant of Columbus's work, suggested that as Europe and Asia were named after women, this "fourth part of the world" *discovered* by Amerigo should be called "America." Strangely enough, this suggestion by an unimportant pedant was taken up everywhere in Northern Europe, even for more than it was worth. The young instructor meant America to be the name of Brazil and there placed it on his own map, but Sir Thomas More has his North American Utopia (1516) discovered by Vespucci. Only Spain and Portugal failed to snap at the America naming—for they knew Amerigo. Spain called the New World Las Indias throughout the colonial period; the first Spanish map to use the name "America" is of 1758; and the Portuguese, whose empire of Brazil was Amerigo's original *Novus Mundus,* ignored both him and it. The name "America" has been particularly appropriated by that part of the New World never seen by Amerigo and unknown to his donnish promoter! A comedy of errors, indeed.

A writer with the language equipment and literary gifts of Stefan Zweig might have done a better job on Amerigo, even within this modest compass. It seems not unreasonable that he should have mastered the critical and controversial literature on Vespucci, much of which has appeared recently, before giving the public what purports to be the real facts. I allude especially to the work of Northup, Alberti, Magnaghi, Almagià, and Vignaud. He has inverted the misprint of *Parias* as *Lariab,* which has a vital bearing on the alleged voyage of 1497. His march-of-time chapter, "A. D. 1000. A dark and heavy slumber lies over the Western world," etc., one could well spare in favor of a translation of the Vespucci letter recently discovered by Alberti, or George Tyler Northup's excellent translation of "Mundus Novus." Mr. Zweig does reproduce the original tract in facsimile; but not many of his public can read abbreviated Renaissance Latin in black letter, and there are better facsimiles for scholars. Finally, there are some data in the Vespuccian tracts which are of significance in the history of celestial magnetism; but of these Mr. Zweig says nothing. Like so many writers on the discovery of America, he loses interest in the navigators as soon as they step aboard ship.

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As for Vespucci, his fame is based on pleasantly written narratives of voyages, at least one of which was fictitious and none of which he commanded. He still remains, after all the explanations and apologetics, the Dr. Cook of the great age of discovery. SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

## Shakespeare and His Audience

*SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCE.* By Alfred Harbage. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

THE question "Who went to the Elizabethan theater?" is one of more than merely antiquarian interest. All sorts of conclusions concerning Shakespeare's aims and methods, even concerning the conditions under which genius is most likely to flourish, have been based upon the usual assumption that the bulk of the spectators at the first performance of "Hamlet" were disreputable in one way or another. Professor Harbage, whose competence has been demonstrated by several previous works of scholarship, reopens the whole question, weighs evidence more carefully than it has ever been weighed before, and comes to some fresh conclusions. Because he carries his learning lightly, his little book is also entertaining reading.

There are, of course, no attendance records for any one of the Elizabethan theaters, but Henslowe's famous diary does preserve a record of his receipts, and we do know what admission charges were to the various places in the theater. Juggling all the figures, Mr. Harbage succeeds in making it seem probable that Elizabethan theaters held a good many more people than is sometimes assumed, that about 13 per cent of the London population attended the theater weekly (as compared with the 65 per cent of the American population said to pay a weekly visit to the movies), and that the penny paid for admission to the pit represented about the same proportion of a workman's earnings as is represented today by the thirty cents which will buy admission to a movie. Upper-class people certainly went to the theater also, as we know from some direct evidence, as well as from the indirect evidence furnished by the fact that more expensive places were provided. Why, then, the assumption that the Elizabethan audience was not a cross-section of the entire population probably quite as representative as a movie audience today, but, instead, composed largely of disreputable elements?

Mr. Harbage's answer to this question is to me even more interesting, and perhaps even more convincing, than his statistical deductions concerning the size of the audience. Surely we would need very positive evidence to prove the inherently improbable assumption that the finest poetry in the English language was relished chiefly by the lowest elements in the population, and Professor Harbage shows that such evidence simply does not really exist. There is, to be sure, plenty of contemporary testimony furnished by Puritans and stern distrusters of popular amusement, but the same kind of testimony also regularly describes the plays themselves as "scurrilous," "impious," "blasphemous," and the like; and unless we are ready to accept as unprejudiced such descriptions of Shakespeare's plays, there seems no good reason for accepting judgments from the same kind of

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sources on Shakespeare's audience. And yet even Sir Edmund Chambers seems to take it for granted that the atmosphere of the playhouse was as bad as its enemies maintained.

In a concluding chapter Professor Harbage asks our indulgence for some pure speculation concerning the effect of a representative audience, neither exclusively highbrow nor exclusively lowbrow, on the creative artist. He thinks Shakespeare had such an audience, that it brought out the best in him, and that if the even more nearly perfect audience enjoyed by the movies does not produce masterpieces, that is probably because too many executives, collaborators, agents, and what not come between that audience and the artist who is striving to use the medium of the film. I doubt, however, that it is quite so simple as this, or that it is much safer to say "the great public wants the best" than it is to say "public taste is always bad." I suspect that any audience, specialized or general, usually wants the best of the kind of thing it wants, but that its taste is limited in various ways at various times. There seems to have been an epoch in Italy when everybody was interested in painting, just as, broadly speaking, everybody today is interested in science and technology. Your average American wants the best radio he can get, but that does not mean that he wants the best painting or that one of the Italians said to have carried Cimabue's Virgin in triumph through the streets would have wanted the best dramatic poetry. Elizabethans were sensitive to words, especially to high astounding terms, and they were capable of appreciating the best that could be given them. But it is not certain that even the most representative American audience, in closest possible touch with its men of letters, would necessarily demand of them the best they could give.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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# Mme Undset's Report

*RETURN TO THE FUTURE.* By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Henriette C. K. Naeseth. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"NEVER tell a lie. And don't tell the truth—unless you have to," is an old Norse saying for which I am indebted to Mme Undset; I do not find it among the many Norwegian proverbs and adages that give a homey touch to this story of her experiences during the war in Norway, her flight to Sweden, and her journey through Russia and Japan. The book does, however, live up to the prescription. She clearly had to tell the story. And, as a great writer, she is incapable of telling a lie.

Sigrid Undset saw it happen, and it is good to have in forthright language the living testimony of a human being who is a woman and a mother before she is a writer or thinker about what that evil thing, Nazi aggression, means on the spot. In this country such awareness is all too far away as yet. Mme Undset lost a son in the fighting in Norway, She does not make a secret of it, but people seeking for emotional thrills in her presentation of that episode will be disappointed. It is no coincidence that the comrades of her son described him as "quiet in manner, undemonstrative."

Mme Undset writes as a Norwegian. She places the Norwegian campaign in its proper perspective. She never lets you forget that Norway is her homeland. But this Norwegian approach is linked with a world view that takes account of the sufferings and efforts of other nations. She recalls the fight in northern Norway of a Norwegian army and fleet together with Englishmen, Poles, and French *chasseurs alpins*—"these last and the people up there were as congenial as Scotch and soda" is her phrase.

There may be readers who will find that Mme Undset has not quite lived up to her prescription in the chapters entitled Fourteen Days in Russia and Japan *en Passant*. The picture is dark in the one case and light in the other. Even if she were telling the truth one might argue that she did not have to tell it at a moment when we are fighting alongside the Russians and against the Japanese. But her observations are clearly and honestly qualified in both cases. The very titles of those two chapters are serious qualifications. And she does pose a problem which the democracies must face during the war, as well as when peace is won. The totalitarian nations have so far fought better and more successfully than the democracies, while sacrificing everything in the way of human values and improved standards of living.

She uncompromisingly affirms her own faith in the democratic way: "For in spite of everything, with the world as it has become today, it is certain that the victory of democracy along the whole line is the only guaranty of a better future, for all nations and all peoples, through endless centuries." And I know no better presentation of matured thinking on post-war reconstruction than her final chapter: Return to the Future.

BJARNE BRAATOY

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# Dwight of Yale

*TIMOTHY DWIGHT: A BIOGRAPHY.* By Charles E. Cuningham. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

NEVER before has it been more evident how closely our critical and biographical estimates are related to the prevailing sense of security or of danger. The booming twenties gave us a biography that was usually hard, often scornful, and sometimes contemptuous in its treatment of persons who had formerly been objects of veneration. During recent years and months, however, we have begun to realize that there was something quite indispensable in those virtues that once seemed parochial and outworn. We are now learning once more to respect those orthodoxies and fidelities which are the products not of ease but of danger. Now and then we look back a little wistfully at the heroes of our national past, wishing that the attitude of hero-worship had not been quite so violently assailed in the presence of those who are now called upon to be themselves heroic.

What this amounts to is that our pose of ultra-sophistication, a familiar trait of adolescence, is no longer fashionable. We are now making rapid progress toward the simplicity of really mature minds. And in this change a good many readjustments in our estimates of ideas, ideals, events, and persons will be involved.

It was in 1925 that the late Vernon Louis Parrington, a fair representative of the sophisticated attitude toward the national mind, called Timothy Dwight "the most dogmatic of Yankee Puritans." This remark, both untrue and highly dogmatic in itself, was made possible by the fact that Parrington did not know much about Timothy Dwight. Mr. Cuningham, who knows a great deal about him, indulges in no such hyperboles. He is content to let the facts speak. One suspects that Parrington held it against Dwight that he was a Yankee, a Calvinist, a Federalist, and, perhaps worst of all, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards. To Mr. Cuningham these incontrovertible facts are easily forgivable. Parrington could say that Timothy Dwight "swept away" the small beginnings of scientific study that had been made at Yale by Ezra Stiles, his predecessor in the presidential chair. Mr. Cuningham tells the absorbing story of how Dwight instituted the study of chemistry at Yale by his unassisted main force, choosing for the first instructor in that subject a young graduate by the name of Benjamin Silliman who had not, at the time, heard so much as one lecture or read even one book on the subject.

One can see that Parrington disliked Timothy Dwight for his extreme conservatism, and it is interesting to observe that Mr. Cuningham admires the same man for his many audacious innovations. The fact is, of course, that Dwight was intensely conservative in matters of church and state—which matters, it should be added, he thought practically inseparable—but that he was inventive, imaginative, almost creative, in the field of education. With regard to what seemed to him the central questions his mind was definitely made up; one might say it had been since the lifetime of his grandfather. On that very account he felt perhaps the more free to diverge in other regards from the prejudices and practices of his time.

Timothy Dwight, the man who set Yale College on its way to becoming one of the world's foremost universities, is by no means an easy topic for a biographer. His activities


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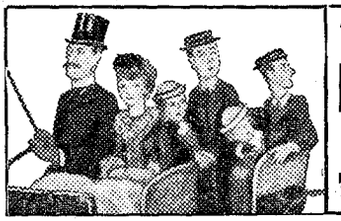

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and accomplishments covered a wide range. His industry was phenomenal. His influence in the religious, political, and educational life of his time is not easily overestimated. And yet there was no touch of genius in the man, or even of greatness. He fell very far below the intellectual and spiritual elevation of his grandfather. Neither was he the "prodigy of learning" that Van Wyck Brooks has called him. He was, of course, widely informed, according to the standards of his time and place, but he was not erudite. Living nearly all his life with boys and among admiring parishioners, always talking down, never leaving America or even New England, he acquired a very extensive knowledge of the sort that clergymen and schoolmasters are expected to have. And yet one would hesitate to call him a highly cultivated man.

Mr. Cuningham is nowhere sharply critical of Dwight. He does not point out that the man's thought is deficient in depth and in passion. On the whole, he admires the great president of Yale, and he does all that can be done to make his reader like him. His book is pleasant reading, written with good humor and not a little brilliancy of wit. Based in large part upon primary sources of information, it shows unusual skill in the techniques of research and also in the concealment of them.

One closes the book with the feeling that here is an important task thoroughly and finally done.

ODELL SHEPARD

## Germany's "Lost Generation"

*TIME WAS: DEATH OF A JUNKER.* By Heinrich Hauser. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE most eloquent form of history is biography, but it is most eloquent, as well as most revealing of its times, when the author is hardly conscious that he is writing more than a personal history. Such unawareness cannot be expected of the autobiographers of the present day, when the roar of titanic events is dinning in the ears of every writer, as well as in those of less sensitive people. As a result, many a good artist becomes an indifferent journalist, and Heinrich Hauser is only partially an exception.

However, Hauser avoids the pitfall of didacticism by telling two distinct stories, his own and Germany's. When he is concerned with his personal story, his narrative unrolls almost like a documentary film, a series of staccato shots which build up an extraordinarily powerful effect. As the child of a Junker family he is surrounded by that mirage of security which rendered his little caste even more unready for the cataclysm of 1914 than its analogues in other countries. (In fact, the mirage survived almost until 1918.) As a boy of seventeen he enters the Reich's last army along with the aged and the infirm and the other human scrap which was salvaged for Germany's final war effort. As a disillusioned young member of the "lost generation" he seeks escape and adventure as a seaman. As an advertising expert for the Hamburg-America Line he watches starving unemployed workers turning Communist and witnesses the revolting brutality of waterfront brawls between Nazis and Communists. Through the first six years of Hitler's regime he knocks about Germany, chiefly concerned with the ever fiercer necessity of getting a living. In a final scene he revisits the old Junker homestead, which the family is preparing to abandon. "We are being melted down," Hauser's old uncle tells him, as the shabby butler pours cheap wine into costly crystal glasses. One can almost hear the ax hacking at the cherry orchard which it seems must be growing just outside the windows of the *Schloss*.

The other story which Hauser tells is of course familiar to us; how a despairing Germany turned its eyes on Hitler as its last hope, and how a good many Germans were disillusioned in the following years, among them some of the original Nazi enthusiasts. But Hauser is a professional journalist and a competent one, and he knows his terrain better than many foreign correspondents who have told the story before him. He adds some striking anecdotes to the record, notably those which concern the clandestine building up of Hitler's war machine.

Most memorable are the chapters describing the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, that great voice of liberalism and the humanities which spoke to Germany, and to the whole enlightened world, every day for three generations, and was not immediately silenced even when Hitler came to power. Everyone who has ever worked on a newspaper—and everyone who has not—will enjoy this glimpse into the genial bedlam which by some miracle got out three editions a day.

In spite of its hybrid character the book is a spellbinder. It is also a model of the art of translation.

BETSY HUTCHISON

## James Joyce, Heretic

*JAMES JOYCE: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.* By Harry Levin. New Directions. $1.50.

THE shade of James Joyce is probably smiling rather sadly in its sleeve at this quite excellent study because, although it anatomizes the technical Joyce with penetration, it fights slightly shy of the spiritual *Poltergeists* that inhabit the technical Joyce. I mean that here the critic has either deliberately minimized or elected to overlook the fact that above everything else James Joyce suffered from the same sense of guilt that devastates the Dostoevskian and makes "The Ancient Mariner" a poem comparable in content with "Crime and Punishment." This sense of guilt arises, I think, from the knowledge that blasphemy is possible only to those who venerate the objects of their blasphemy. Thus the clue, the whole clue, and nothing but the clue to James Joyce is not Dublin but Rome. Apart, however, from the fact that this autopsy omits to take the heart out of the corpse of Joyce, it is at once scrupulous, intelligent, and expertly surgical. Mr. Levin deserves all the applause that I am sure his study will receive. Well, almost all. That he has, as I happen to feel, missed the mill where the gist of Joyce is ground down to a kind of anathematical eucharist, is not, finally, as important as the possibility that a gifted critic has at last appeared on the landscape.

It is because I recognize Mr. Levin's incontestable critical acumen that I am surprised he has not suspected that the hysterical and desperately heretical gestures of Joyce prove

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principally that he fought on the end of an orthodox religious tether. These gestures of blasphemy certainly do not prove that he had liberated himself from the orthodox. For Mr. Levin the act of Joycean blasphemy represents nothing more than a "rebellion" against the Roman Catholic church; but under this particular employment of the noun all the seven cycles of apostatic hell happen to be concealed. "Joyce," Mr. Levin remarks, "is orthodox enough to go on believing in hell." This sentence, properly speaking, should have presented us with the crossed keys to the solution of James Joyce. Both "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" were written in spiritual circumstances that only a Dante Alighieri or a Julian the Apostate could perfectly visualize: for every word that James Joyce wrote took its dynamic from the thing he sought to escape. This, in two words, was God Almighty. Thus the best thumbnail introduction to Joyce is not Stuart Gilbert's concordance or Harry Levin's volume but Francis Thompson's all too facilely discredited "The Hound of Heaven." While Mr. Levin has demonstrably observed this dynamic of recoil in Joyce, I do not think that he has ascribed to it the dominance that in fact it possesses here. On the day he died Joyce was not an atheist or an agnostic or a Parsee or a Holy Roller; he was a Roman Catholic who hated Roman Catholicism.

It is, finally, as exegesis that this introduction to Joyce is most meritorious. For in the matter of specific elucidations the critic can dispense with his faculties of abstract investigation, that is, if he happens to have them, and get down to the much more amusing and much less pretentious business of textual detection. This, in the works of James Joyce, becomes quite as entertaining as a murder mystery and infinitely more hazardous. Mr. Levin may not be particularly ingenious in observing that "Nobirdy avair soar anywing to eagle it" is an ornithological "Nobody ever saw anything to equal it"; but when he states that "the real romance [of Finnegans Wake] is between Joyce and the language," then he really pulls a plum; as in the remark, at once so obvious and so necessary, though I know of no one else who has made it, that Joyce's "restless play of allusion depends, to the vast extent of his knowledge, on the acceptance of a linguistic status quo." I wonder that this observation did not invite the critic to suspect that here again the Joycean dynamic of recoil asserted itself. For this "restless play of allusion," continually in a state of flirtation with the language proper, amounts, in the end, to a retreat in the face of established authority.

When a person sets about the invention of a new language, he is either schizoid or James Joyce. The real difference between the two is that Joyce invented variations on the English tongue for the sanest of reasons: he was in love with it, and love does the oddest things. It took Mr. T. S. Eliot, with his judicious eye fixed on the reasons why writers write so rather than on the way in which they write, to see that James Joyce, instead of being, as *hoi polloi* and the Bohemian suspect, the most heterodox, was in fact the most orthodox of writers. I imagine that Mr. Eliot is of this opinion because he recognizes in Joyce the writer who takes his drive from his hates, and Joyce's hates consisted of authority in the shapes of the British constitution, the Oxford Dictionary, and the Roman Catholic church. GEORGE BARKER

# How to Woo a Jury

*SUCCESS IN COURT.* By Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN FORTY years of experience as a trial lawyer Francis L. Wellman has been identified with numerous sensational cases, representing either prosecution or defense. From time to time he has written inspirational and instructive books which explain in detail to the young members of the profession the posture which must be struck, the apparel which must be worn, and the witticisms which must be related to win juries and influence judges. "Success in Court," the latest in this series, contains a selection of episodes from his own career and the careers of such giants of former days as Choate, Evarts, and Butler. Each story, of course, points some moral to the young practitioner. "This episode," Wellman explains at one point, "unconsciously led me to adopt a sort of legerdemain of my own, in later cross-examination, when I attempted to lead the witness into some sort of trap out of which I hoped to pull a rabbit—and to my surprise often did." In addition to the 299 pages of Mr. Wellman's anecdotage, there is a section of equal size to which nine ornaments of the bar have contributed brief memoirs of similar tenor.

The book is valuable chiefly for the light it sheds upon the methods employed for the ascertainment of truth in judicial tribunals. It reveals how great an emphasis is placed upon the skill of the advocate in handling witnesses, in dramatizing his facts, and in selecting and "wooing" a jury. It may seem strange to the uninitiated, but the elders of the bar find no inconsistency whatever between their complete confidence in the adequacy of the judicial process for the trial of issues of fact and their open admiration for those members of their profession who are most adept at the manipulation of courtroom procedure for the obfuscation of issues and the confusion of juries. JEROME H. SPINGARN

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# Aesthetic Theology

*THE MIND OF THE MAKER.* By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

DISCOURSE about God can take only two forms—analogy or the special language of the mystic. As her contribution to the general reawakening of interest in religion, Dorothy Sayers has traced the analogy between God and man as creators. She is not advocating any change of heart or declaring any faith of her own—implicit though her faith is in this concern with a particular analogy. She is merely expounding what Trinitarian Christianity says about God, and she does it by describing in simple and concrete fashion the behavior of man as artist. Being a writer, she naturally takes as her example the art of writing; so this book about God contains mostly matters of literary history and criticism, references to the conventions of the theater, quotations from the poets, and autobiographical insights into the mind that created the admirable shelfful of Wimseycality, from "Whose Body?" to "Busman's Honeymoon."

Miss Sayers's competence for her task is beyond question. Before being a writer of great detective novels, a medievalist, a playwright, a theologian, or any other sort of institutional person, she is a woman of immense culture and fine intelligence. "Begin Here," published last season, was a fitting forerunner to this more ambitious essay in what I should like to call aesthetic theology. But the importance and worth of "The Mind of the Maker" do not seem to me so conspicuously above criticism as her previous tract for the times. Even in execution the present work is not so successful. Miss Sayers begins with a justifiably angry preface about the modern reader's inability to understand what he reads, and in the past she has given such a reader no opportunity for reversing the blame. Hers is the prose of a master and a lucid one: remember, for instance, the judge's summing up at the beginning of "Strong Poison." But in the present book she is often ambiguous and over-full of words. Her aim is admittedly to reach the common reader, but again and again she uses needless technicalities, Latin derivatives and awkward circumlocutions that destroy rhythm, making difficult matters still more difficult.

These strictures are to be read in the light of the standard she herself has set. From some other pen, the same book might deserve to be called a triumph of exposition. Similarly, I am thinking of the many wonderful passages of criticism in her novels when I say that, despite its core of truth, her present account of the creative process in man has a strange absolutism about it. She speaks as if no other possibilities than those of a certain temperament and tradition had ever been successfully exploited in European art. With a view to her analogy, she takes the very slippery and distracting notion of perfection as an artistic standard, and she is thus led into the common error of choosing qualities apart from defects and persons apart from intentions. She forgets also the effect of time on artistic error: the nearer the greater. By now Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—the most imperfect of craftsmen when compared with, say, Austin Dobson—possess through mere age a real patina and polish which amount to a false and irrelevant perfection. And of course the author's neglect of non-European art with the conditions of *its* creation tends to cast doubt on the universality of the "natural law" induced from her observations. Miss Sayers, in short, is not so empirical or so historical as she was wont to be.

Whether she is right in her abstraction or I am wrong in carping at it, the fact remains that her thesis is extremely well conceived and her exposition of it in the terms of the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity at once dramatic and persuasive. No more hocus-pocus here than in her tales of detection. The analogy of the two creations, as the author clearly states, proves neither the existence of God nor the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. But it does show the psychological truth of Christian dogma. In making this point Miss Sayers is a worthy disciple of Shaw's, though very likely the seeming filiation is a mere convergence of perceptive minds. What this attempt at retranslation has to do with the modern world in its travail is contained in the final chapter (XI and Postscript), a *bonne bouche* I shall leave untouched for the reader. He might do well, incidentally, to begin with this last chapter and end with the first. He will then be scolded *after* he has committed the mistakes of slovenly reading—or perhaps after he has been enabled by the splendid conclusion to avoid committing the most obvious among them.

JACQUES BARZUN

## *PUBLISHED THIS WEEK*

*The American Idea.* By Eugene T. Adams and Others. Harper. $2.50.
*Flight in Winter.* By John Clinton Adams. Princeton. $3.
*The Declaration of Independence. A Study in the History of Political Ideas.* By Carl Becker. New Edition. Knopf. $3.
*Cesare Borgia: The Machiavellian Prince.* By Carlo Beuf. Oxford. $3.50.
*The Men Who Make the Future.* By Bruce Bliven. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.
*The Japanese Enemy: His Power and His Vulnerability.* By Hugh Byas. Knopf. $1.25.
*All-Out on the Road to Smolensk.* By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.
*Television: Today and Tomorrow.* By Lee De Forest. Dial. $3.75.
*Flight to Arras.* By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
*Dawn of Victory.* By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.
*Cordell Hull.* By Harold B. Hinton. Doubleday, Doran. $3.
*The Unknown Country: Canada and Her People.* By Bruce Hutchison. Coward-McCann. $3.50.
*New Directions in Prose and Poetry, 1941.* By Dwight E. Lee. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
*Enjoyment of Science.* By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
*Bolivar: The Life of an Idealist.* By Emil Ludwig. Alliance. $3.50.
*Japan's Industrial Strength.* By Kate L. Mitchell. Knopf. $1.50.
*Black Borneo.* By Charles C. Miller. Modern Age. $2.75.
*From Madrigal to Modern Music.* By Douglas Moore. Norton. $3.75.
*The Panama Canal in Peace and War.* By Norman J. Padelford. Macmillan. $3.
*Pemberton: Defender of Vicksburg.* By John C. Pemberton. North Carolina. $3.50.
*Crisis in the Philippines.* By Catherine Porter. Knopf. $1.50.
*Gardens for Victory.* By Jean-Marie Putnam and Lloyd C. Cosper. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
*The Needle Trades.* By Joel Seidman. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
*Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius.* By Werner Wolff. With an Introduction by Walter Damrosch. Dutton. $3.75.

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# FILMS

PRIVATE faces in public places," says Mr. Auden, "are wiser and nicer than public faces in private places." In the case of "Woman of the Year," a film directed by George Stevens (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), the public face is that of Miss Katharine Hepburn, who plays the part of a distinguished political columnist with a range of international connections and a proficiency in foreign languages equaled only by her total ignorance of the domestic arts; and the film portrays the uphill but ultimately successful efforts of Spencer Tracy, as the sports writer whom she marries, to reconcile her public eminence with the privacy and intimacy of home life. As a contribution to the hackneyed theme of "Can career women make successful wives?" the film is neither interesting nor moving, but it contains five or six farcical set pieces which make it well worth seeing: Miss Hepburn at her first baseball game; Mr. Tracy at a polyglot party; Miss Hepburn at sea in the kitchen; the embarrassments of a wedding night with the bedroom invaded by foreign diplomats and prize fighters. These and other such scenes are funny enough to carry the film over its occasional lapses into drama. The dialogue, too, is almost uniformly good. Miss Hepburn, though she looks more attractive than in any other film in which I have seen her, is not altogether well cast; she never succeeds in giving the impression that her political activity is vitally important to her or even that she is very good at it. Mr. Tracy's part is not one to tax his powers, but he performs it more than competently. The minor parts are well played, especially by Roscoe Karns as a wisecracking newspaperman and by Dan Tobin as the heroine's priggish secretary.

"Joan of Paris" (RKO-Radio) is important only because it introduces Mlle Michele Morgan to the American screen. She appears as a Parisian barmaid who falls in love with the Free French leader of a group of R. A. F. airmen and enables him and his friends to escape from Paris at the sacrifice of her own life. In reality, I am afraid, the Gestapo would not be so easily outwitted; but in this film the spy game is played by both sides with a disgraceful lack of subtlety and precaution. This would not matter so much if an atmosphere of suspense and danger were effectively created, but though the film begins well in this respect, it goes to pieces later on. The long chase of the hero by a bowler-hatted Gestapo agent through the streets of Paris, which could and should have been sinister, turns out to be inappropriately comic. But the chief disappointment to me was Mlle Morgan herself. She has made very good progress with her English, but she has lost or been robbed of the intensity that made her so remarkable in her previous films. Paul Henreid makes an adequate hero, and Thomas Mitchell, who for once is allowed to stay sober, is sympathetic in the part of a priest who helps the fliers to escape.

There is an air of improvisation about all of Sacha Guitry's films which gives the audience the sense that they are participating in a charade. In "Nine Bachelors" he has chosen to present himself as a dealer in a special kind of marriage à la mode, his profession being to furnish alien women with husbands who will give them French citizenship without in any way inconveniencing them. The most amusing scenes in the film occur when his group of down-at-heel elderly bachelors escape from their "home" and go to call on their wives. Neither Mr. Guitry himself nor Elvire Popesco, who plays the nearest thing there is to a heroine, is seen here to best advantage,


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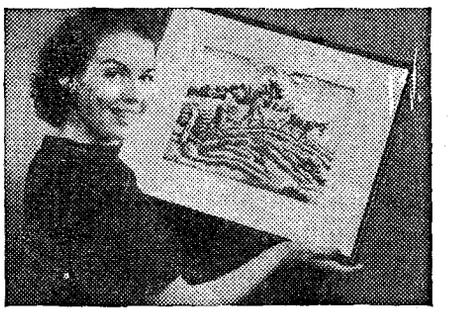

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and it is the bachelors who make the film the entertaining piece that it is. While they are meant to be oddities, they are portrayed by Max Dearly, Saturnin Fabre, Aimos, and others as individuals and not as types; and it is not the least of their merits that none of them bears the slightest resemblance to any of the Seven Dwarfs.

P. H. RYE

# RECORDS

MANY persons' idea of a critic is that he is someone who gets his only satisfaction in life from finding fault with everything and disliking everything. Speaking only for myself I can say that I approach music with love, and every concert, every recording with hope; and that I listen to a series of records like Columbia's of this month with nothing less than despair.

I began with the Lotte Lehmann recording of Schumann's great "Dichterliebe" song-cycle (Set 486, $4.20)—with eagerness and expectation born of my love of the work, my recollection of Lehmann's singing of it in 1937. And I heard the superb music superbly sung. But I also heard the piano part—so important in these songs that Bruno Walter was secured to play it—reduced to a distant, tinkly, tinny miniature by poor microphone-placement or whatever else produced the poor balance of voice and piano. Also I heard occasional shrillnesses and stridencies in the recorded sound of Lehmann's voice; and while some of them undoubtedly were produced by Lehmann herself, others may be like the ones in her Columbia Brahms Recital, which, as the records were worn by repeated playing, turned out to be distortions by faulty recording that got to be frightful; and as a matter of fact on a finer wide-range machine than my own the distortion on the "Dichterliebe" records was evident already. Also I heard additional evidence of poor recording or processing in occasional rumbling, hissing, crackling, grit. And let nobody tell me that I heard these faults and report them with pleasure.

Then a group of orchestral works: Brahms's Tragic Overture, played by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (Set X-214, $2.63); Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," played by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set X-212, $2.63); Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, played by Stokowski with the American Youth Orchestra (Set 485, $3.68); Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture, played by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (11670-D, $1.05.) Even if I were impressed by the empty pretensions of Brahms's overture I would not want Stock's hurried, noisy performance when I could have Toscanini's magnificent performance with the B. B. C. Symphony; Mitropoulos's performance of Dukas's piece, though largely straightforward, has its inevitable Mitropoulos touches which would cause me to prefer the older Columbia set of Gaubert's performance or the old Victor record of Toscanini's; the inevitable Stokowski touches would cause me to prefer the Columbia set of Beecham's performance of the Schubert symphony; and I would prefer the Victor record of Bigot's lighter-footed performance of the Berlioz overture. But additional reason for avoiding these new Columbia versions is their recorded orchestral sound, ranging from poor to distorted—so poor and so distorted that I had to make sure nothing had gone wrong with my machine, and was reassured by the sounds of the Toscanini recording (English) of the Brahms overture, the Monteux recording (American) of Franck's Symphony. Sides 1 and 4 of my copy of the Schubert set wavered in pitch; sides 1 and 2 of my copy of the Dukas set were full of rattly distortion and grit.

After all this I wish I could report wonders about Shostakovitch's Quintet for piano and strings (Set 483, $4.78); but to my ears it is more of this all-too-fluent composer's tripe, well played by Vivian Rivkin and the Stuyvesant Quartet, and recorded with good fidelity to timbre. Or about Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianos (Set X-213, $2.63), which is, however, a minor piece, well written for the instruments, well played by Bartlett and Robertson, and recorded with good fidelity but with occasional disproportionate sonorities that leap out at one.

These occasional explosive sonorities occur also in the recorded sound of Risë Stevens's singing of Wolf's charming "In dem Schatten meiner Locken" (17297-D, $.79); the sound is, in addition, rather harsh; the beautiful voice itself is afflicted occasionally by strong tremolo; the phrasing of this song, of Wolf's "Mausfallensprüchlein," of Schumann's "Widmung" is good but not excitingly so (I recommend Lehmann's Victor record of "In dem Schatten"). On another single disc (17294-D, $.79) Roland Hayes does well with "Xango," a Villa-Lobos arrangement of an African religious chant and Nickerson's arrangement of a Creole folksong, "Micheu Banjo." And on still another single (17293-D, $.79) the young Metropolitan baritone Robert Weede sings an arrangement of the Negro spiritual "City Called Heaven" very beautifully, but spoils "Ol' Man River" with now mannered, now melodramatic phrasing.

B. H. HAGGIN


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